The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 166. WEEK ENDING JAN. 6TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

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SECOND SCHEME.
RECOMMENDATION FORM.

I have recommended THE MODERN MAN to my friend whose name I have written in below, and who has purchased this copy.

Your Friend's Name .....

Your Own Name.....

Send all the forms you have collected so as to reach us not later than the first post, Tuesday, January 9. See instructions on page 469.

Jan. 6, 1912.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight waterproof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price, 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Dark Grey Suit, very good condition, fit 5ft. 8in., 38in. chest; 20s. Also Dress Suit and Tweed Riding Coat, 17s. 6d.—Box 4632, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Dinner Suit, good condition, lined satin, silk facings, chest 41in., waist 37in., sleeve 19in., leg 32in., 21s.—Box 4633, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, good overcoat, fit man 5ft. 9in., 41in. chest.—Box 4634, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Indigo Blue Serge Suit, suitable for workman, 5ft. 9in. high, chest measurement 36in., 7s. 6d.—Box 4635, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, Burberry Slip On, good quality and condition essential, chest 40in., fullest particulars.—Box 4636, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

Wanted, Bagatelle Board, full size, with pockets, marker, cues; must be first-class order; full particulars.—Box 4621, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, Fishing Outfit, 4 Rods, Reels, lines, floats, &c., one rod cost money, as new, used once, giving up; 30s.—Box 4637, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Brand new 1911 English £9 9s. Special Constabulary Cycle, unused, £6 10s.—Box 4638, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Polished oak brass bound Gun Case, hold 2 guns; price 25s.—Box 4639, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 480.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, Tan Leather Golf Bag, best make, not new.—Box 4640, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, Miniature Billiard Table, top 6ft. or 7ft., perfect condition, all accessories; full details, price.—Box 4635, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Would you like to be a black and white artist? We train you by post. Expert tuition. Approved of by "Modern Man."—Stamp for Illustrated Pros., "Art," London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

Employ yourself.—Our book contains 400 Real Trade Secrets and the Know How, 1s. 2d., post paid.—Porritt, Publisher, Limefield, Bury, Lancs.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 482.

MEDICAL, &c.

A bilious attack, which renders the sufferer unfit for work, is a common sequel to Christmas and New Year festivities. Send 1s. P.O. for a prescription which acts like magic.—Cook, 82, Marchmont Street, London, W.C.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cabinet vapour bath complete. Cost £5, what offers?—F. Morris, 28, Christchurch Street, Preston.

Two only, a rare chance, unique 21s. safety razor, with seven blades heavily nickelled, in leatherette case, lined silk; bargain, 4s. 1d. each, post free; approval willingly.—Box 4594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A fountain pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish. Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, American Roll Top Desk, must be in good condition and cheap. Useful exchange, or buy for cash.—Box 4644, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Handsome pair Horns, rare specimens, beautifully mounted on shield. Will exchange for bagatelle-table and part cash.—Box 4645, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address. Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

25S.—Gent.'s £5 5s. Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, 40in. breast, superior quality heavy dark grey frieze, with Tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs, made for motorist by West-End tailor, never worn, great bargain, 25s. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable £4 15s. Tailor-made Dark brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class tailor; latest West-End cut and finish; splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Never worn. Approval.

25S.—Very Fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, anno 1712, rich mellow tone, with Dodd model Bow and black ebonised Case, suit professional or soloist; sacrifice, 25s.; worth £10; approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ Tone Melodeon; magnificent 63s. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval willingly.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

"Miss Marie Corelli—An Outspoken Article" runs a "Daily Mail" headline. We all know that Miss Corelli is outspoken, but surely the "Daily Mail" need not have called her an article.

* * *

Does Mr. Otto Beit?

* * *

Mr. Lionel Mackinder is suspended in mid-air in the production of "Orpheus In The Underground" at His Majesty's Theatre. The Underground, of course, could not possibly be complete without a strap-hanger.

* * *

"Wanted: Good Carpet Sewer," runs a newspaper advertisement. I should have thought that a sewer, good or otherwise, would be the last thing one would require in connection with a carpet.

* * *

That master mariner who recently had to pay damages for breach of promise to a lady called Cantle thought perhaps that her name suggested that he would be saddled with her.

* * *

Storbeck says that as far as he is concerned the name of Wells is not unassociated with ills.

* * *

A four-year-old steeplechaser is called "Up to Snuff." Punters say he makes them pay through the nose.

* * *

"Son-in-Law Charged" runs a newspaper headline. The only thing that grieves me is that his name was not Bill—otherwise I should have had a chance to make a horrid pun about him.

* * *

Men Who Can't Get On Without Flappers.—No. 1: The Boxer. (The flapper in this case, you understand, is the towel-flapper.)

* * *

A doctor has just been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. It was a long sentence, and is believed to have made the prisoner use a much shorter one—that rhymes with jam.

* * *

A twenty-three-inch midget woman, at present appearing at the London Hippodrome, is called "Lady Little." A suitable serenade for her would be that quaint old ballad, "Love me, Little; Love me long."

* * *

"Law Reports," Inquiring Eric, are heard when somebody bursts out laughing at a judicial jest, or bursts into tears from the same cause.

* * *

What was it that the Baronet?

* * *

A new book is called "Useful Hints On Monte Carlo." The most useful hint *on* the place is to keep *off* it.

J. S. Cox.

THE EYES IN BOXING.

Perhaps there is no branch of athletic sport about which there are a greater number of widespread popular fallacies than boxing; and a fallacy as great and as harmful to good form as any other is the idea that you should watch your opponent's eyes to ascertain what he is going to do.

The batsman at cricket doesn't watch the bowler's eyes; the football goalkeeper doesn't gaze at the eyes of the advancing forward with the ball.

The boxer watches what he is going to be hit with—unless he is careful. He keeps his glance circulating, up and down, and round and round, between the other man's face and his belt, first to guard against attack from his adversary's fist, and second to see where a spot is momentarily left uncovered.

BAD MOUTHS IN HORSES.

"A bad mouth" is a well-recognised expression among horsey men for a horse that hangs and bores on your hands all day, or a hard puller. A horse that is without these vices and, as far as bridle and bit are concerned, is tractable to ride, is said to have "a nice mouth."

It is a pretty generally recognised fact that "bad mouths" are, as a rule, the product of "bad hands." If your horse is in the charge, for any length of time, of a groom who has bad hands, or in other words, uses his horse's mouth to keep on with, you can safely rely on your horse developing a bad mouth.

If he does, perhaps the best remedy is a continual change of bridle. Changing from the bridoon to the bit, and from the bit to the bridoon, prevents the horse's mouth getting unduly accustomed to either. If you always give a hard puller the same style of bridle, he "gets a groove in his mouth, and gets accustomed to it," to quote from a well-known authority.

PANTOMIME PIFFLE.

Why does not some Napoleon of the dramatic or the musical world arise and put an end to the piffle which is offered year after year to the patrons of pantomime?

Say, for instance, that the scene is a wood, where the "Babes" (both young women who will never see twenty again) are supposed to be perishing of cold and hunger. Suddenly, for no reason whatever, the girl-babe squeaks out, "How *dark* it is getting! I wish it were as sunny *as in dear old Timbuctoo!*"

The conductor gives two taps with his wand, and the orchestra are all attention to start some feeble music-hall song, which everybody in the audience knows by heart, and which can be relied upon to contain those crusted rhymes, "moon—coon," "home—roam," "gal—pal."

As far as jokes are concerned, if you saw a pantomime ten years ago, you have seen this year's and the next year's. This year's Idle Dick may safely be trusted to be done out of some money by a trick, which he plays in his turn on someone else, and so on, until at last it will be tried on the original exploiter, much to the misguided merriment of the lunatical section of the audience.

TRAINING FOR BILLIARDS.

The training of professional billiard-players differs materially from that of other athletes and games-players.

Most games are forbidden them. Cricket, of course, is out of the question on account of the risk of injury to the hands.

Even lawn tennis and golf are taboo, as tending to impair the billiard-player's delicacy of touch, for at both these games the racquet or club has often to be tightly held, and, if the cueist get in the way of gripping his cue hard, his professional career would soon be over.

If he goes to the seaside he must not bathe, for some reason or other sea-bathing is as fatal to billiards as it is to golf.

Exercise with dumb-bells may be indulged in only very, very carefully for fear of upsetting the suppleness and co-ordination of the muscles of the hand and arm.

Walking exercise is the billiard-player's chief training stand-by, and for the rest he practises on the table for short periods at a time, cuts down his tobacco, and avoids sitting in a strong light, reading by gaslight, or in any way straining his eyes.

At the same time he lives well, for he will never "last" through the season unless he has plenty of reserve force to draw on.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SAULSKA BARD

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

"Saulska Bard!"

"My 'eart—it's old W.I"

We were shaking hands lengthily and enthusiastically the next moment underneath the big light over the pay-box of the Cinema de Paris, for it was six years since, to the shame of my youthful snobbery, I had passed the good Saulska by when he took to calling out "Hot dinners, and now ready—and there's *no* waitin'" in the principal street of my native town.

Now, no less in the light of a better understanding of mankind than in the joy of meeting an old friend in a strange land, I was grasping the beringed hand of an entirely brilliant Saulska—a lavender-waistcoated, wonderfully-trousered, and bespatted Saulska Bard.

We knew each other well. I looked him up and down.

"The Chosen Race still going well?" said I.

"Yes. I'm manager here. I've got a share in it, too."

I was surprised that he did not say the whole show belonged to him, for your enterprising Yiddisher is ever prone to exaggeration.

"You remember I used to invite 'em into dinner at home? Well, after that I started with my brother-in-law, Isaacsberg. You know, the chap who married my sister Fanny. Diamonds? Oo-h, you should just see her diamonds! You walk out with her and you reckon you've a Bond Street shop with you! Isaacsberg put me up to the auctioneerin' game. Made a bit at that. Started this. Come along—'ere!" He called out to the man in livery.

"Look after things till I come back, will yer? Just going to have a drink with this gentleman—old friend o' mine. Keep an eye to things outside, and—look—them advertisement boards have fallen down on to the pavement. Pick them up. This rain plays havoc with our bills, Mr. W. Tears 'em to bits. Get a lick o' paste, Walter, and make them others look less like a rag-shop."

Walter, the splendid personage in the gold-braided cap and the buttons, sniffed. He was entirely English.

"That's Billy's job," he said, regarding his Jew employer with contempt.

"Half a second," Saulska Bard observed to me, raising a faultlessly manicured, well-washen hand in deprecation.

He came out with a paste-pot and stuck up the dismally-flapping bills. He picked up the fallen boards.

"Fine show on to-night, sir," he said smilingly to a hesitating passer-by. "Walter, conduct this gentleman to a reserved fauteuil. No, sir, I don't want you to pay anything—with my compliments, sir, if you'll allow me. You can patronise us another night."

He handed the young man a ticket, and signed it with a gold-mounted fountain-pen.

"Decent sort of chap, that," he said to me, grasping my arm. "He's the class I want to come here. He's got dozens of pals, you know, all sporting sort of chaps. They kick up a row, but where they go the rest of the young fellers foller 'em. Well, now I've got a second or two. What d'yer think of me, eh? Do you think I'm any 'andsomer?"

I had been going through that pleasing occupation for some minutes. We were walking along and, semi-consciously, I saw the manager of the Theatre where "A Girl's Cross Roads" adorned the great bill outside, send a minion to chase away an urchin who was gazing open-mouthed at the scene depicted.

"Silly," said Saulska, critically. "There's a lot like 'im to fill the gallery at tuppence a time on Saturday afternoons. Note the chap in evening dress 'oo's just walked in. Nothing for his stall 'cause he's a dead 'ead, and probably the manager'll 'ave to stand 'im a drink at the interval. That's the way 'arf the theatrical managers goes on. Polite to nixey, dam' rude to a good, if dirty tuppence. Don't you remember I was going on the boards once?"

Incidentally, I did. I remembered how Saulska had first checked our affection for the tea and toast that was always on at that back door of England, his father's cosmopolitan-filled house. We could not be seen about with a "' man" who in a public competition had the effrontery to win a cup and five pounds for the best imitation of a certain star music-hall singer. That was "coming it a bit too thick" was our comment at the time. It was gentlemanly to patronise the competition, of course, and sit there and rot it—but for one of our number to sing in it—Blazes!

I remember that night well. In our own immediate coterie there was sitting next to me one Tasham, son of a big doctor, and very much aware of it.

Tasham I met in Leicester Square six months ago. He borrowed an inconsiderable sum, and frankly displayed what chance I had of getting it back by telling me that he wanted it badly for a meal.

Then there was the sporting Chanimy Bunting. He nearly sold me a race-card on last St. Leger day in the streets of Doncaster, and then turned off quickly and ran like a hare.

Steady old Blander still quivers when I order a bottle of Worthington instead of a half of bitter—at one penny difference—when I meet him at such times as I go home.

For the rest, there is Meynell, the prosperous, who sometimes dines at an eighteenpenny-dinner Soho restaurant, and patronises the drama in the pit once a week.

These things passed through my mind as the erstwhile despised Saulska Bard courteously opened the hotel door for me.

He picked up the wine list.

"What's your preference?" he said.

He was always something of a humourist.

"Worthington, extra wet," I said, laughing.

"No, my boy, you can't have that with me after six years. Well, this Bollinger is all right. We must drink to the good old times and the good old boys."

Although he asked me for the address of Tasham when I had related the Leicester Square incident, I professed ignorance.

Tasham as manager of one of Saulska Bard's picture shows!

Heavens, how ludicrous! Why, as we drank the wine I noticed a daub of glutinous, objectionable paste on the sleeve of Saulska Bard!

THE WHIP AT THE FINISH.

Racing authorities are agreed that the use of the whip on a horse that is doing his best is the cause of races being thrown away every week. When a horse is leading at the finish, to whip him—a thing to which almost every young jockey is strongly tempted—will often make him falter and let another up. In this connection a story is told of John Osborne and Flatman.

Osborne, then quite a youngster, had established a good lead on a horse called Black Doctor, and he was "in a hurry to get home," so he used the whip. Flatman, although a length or so behind when the blow was struck, sat still in the saddle, and at the finish was only a short neck behind.

In the weighing-room he clapped the boy on the back, and gave him this sound advice, "Never whip your horse when you are in front, my lad. I very nearly did you that time."

LANDLADY'S TEA.

Is there a less tasty decoction than landlady's tea—the average, otherwise excellent, landlady's tea? Probably not. If there is, we hope to be saved the ordeal of drinking it.

Yet how simple a matter it is to brew a really good cup of tea, and how few men take the trouble to do it for themselves! The one defect which prevents most tea from being appetising is the bad habit of just putting the water into the stone-cold pot and trusting to luck. This way will never make good tea.

The proper way is to get the teapot hot—not just warm—inside and out, and to see that the water is actually boiling and still on the fire as it is put into the pot. "Just on the boil" or "has just boiled" water is about as useless as cold water.

A very little experience will enable a man to determine how much tea he should put into the pot. Really fresh, properly made tea is almost an ideal refresher if it is not ruined by too much sugar and milk.

BICYCLES FREE TO READERS

Further Handsome Awards for all Readers who will Recommend THE MODERN MAN *to their Friends.*

FIRST AWARD—A high-grade roadster cycle with all the latest improvements.

SECOND to FOURTH AWARD—Three special courses in Physical Culture, by the well-known experts, Messrs. Maxick and Saldo.

FIFTH to TENTH AWARD—Six high-class, reliable gun-metal watches.

ELEVENTH to SIXTEENTH AWARD—Six of the celebrated "Laddiz" Caps.

SEVENTEENTH to TWENTY-SECOND AWARD—These Readers will be entitled, free of charge, to have a suit or overcoat cleaned and repaired by The National Tailoring and Repairing Co., 144/146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

NO WAITING.

Start collecting Recommendation Forms

TO-DAY.

Send in all the forms you have collected to reach us not later than first post

NEXT TUESDAY, JANUARY 9th.

The results will appear in our number published on

MONDAY, JANUARY 15th.

ENTRY FORM.

I attach the Recommendation Forms which I have collected, numbering ..... and I enter for the awards in connection with this scheme on the understanding that the Editor's decision is final and binding in all respects.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

A BICYCLE IS WHAT YOU WANT NOW THAT SPRING IS APPROACHING.

EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

All you have to do is to recommend, in the following way, THE MODERN MAN to someone who is not at present a buyer of it. Get him interested in the paper and persuade him to purchase a copy. When he has done so, ask him to cut out the recommendation form which appears on page 466 and to give it to you.

When your recommendation forms have been duly filled in, forward them to us along with your name and address, so as to reach us on or before the first post on Tuesday, Jan. 9.

Tie your coupons together, and attach to them the entry form appearing on this page.

The awards will be given to those who have done most work for the paper in recommending it to new buyers, the highest awards going to those sending us the largest number of recommendation forms filled in, the awards next highest in value going to those sending the next largest number of forms, and so on until all the awards have been distributed.

The names and addresses of those to whom the awards have been distributed will appear in our issue dated Jan. 20 and published on Jan. 15.

We desire it to be thoroughly understood that all these awards will duly be distributed amongst those who participate in this scheme, no matter how small may be the number of recommendation forms sent in by those who enter, but the more forms you send in the more likely are you to come out at the top of the list.

No employee of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and no one in any way connected with the paper will be eligible for any of these awards.

No inquiries concerning this scheme will be answered by post, but queries of general interest may be dealt with in the paper.

The recommendation forms of those who do not secure an award in this scheme, will be credited to their total in the third scheme.

FIRST AWARD LIST.

The following readers have secured the awards in connection with our first Recommendation Scheme:

A FOUR-GUINEA OVERCOAT has been awarded to each of the following:

JAMES STURROCK, c/o Mrs. Graham, Ramsey-pl., Broughty Ferry.
H. PILKINGTON, 26, Sefton-road, Morecambe.
F. A. FERRARO, 141, Long Acre, London, W.C.
E. J. CLEAVER, 56, Como-street, Romford.
PERCY THOMAS, 104, Jeffcock-road, Wolverhampton.
ROBERT CRONSHAW, 5, Gawthorpe, Dukes Brow, Blackburn.

A ONE-GUINEA PAIR OF RIDING BREECHES has been awarded to each of the following:

HAROLD LAWTON, "Ideal" Physical Training School, Plodden-lane, Farnworth, nr. Bolton.
ALBERT SMITH, 96, Oxford-street, Blackburn.
S. W. TRIPP, 5, Barmston-avenue, Barmston-street, Hull.
P. SCULLIN, 72, Marlborough-street, Dublin.
BERNARD N. BRYAN, New-street, Honiton, Devonshire.
ISAAC KENNEDY, "Pearl" Offices, Cathedral-buildings, Donegall-street, Belfast.

A PHYSICAL CULTURE COURSE, by Mr. Edward Aston, has been awarded to each of the following:

S. F. ALLEN, 126, Villa-road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
B. SHALBY, 30, Nile-street, Hull.
A. POWNALL, 36, Newland-road, Birdgrove-park, Coventry.
H. A. LEAVERS, 26, Tennyson-street, Nottingham.
F. O. PERRY, 70, Tranquil-vale, Blackheath Village, S.E.
G. A. WICKHAM, 74, Etta-street, Deptford, S.E.

A TROUSER PRESS has been awarded to each of the following:

A. H. FORDHAM, 2, Chaloner-street, Guisborough, Yorks.
W. H. SMITH, 14, Myrtle-avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.
H. DITCHFIELD, 48, Parker-street, Preston, Lancs.
T. V. CARPENTER, 80, Bedford-road, Ilford, Essex.
ALBERT LITTLER, 11, Calder-terrace, Low-road, Conisboro', nr. Rotherham, Yorkshire.
FRANK A. MOORE, 33, Rose-hill, Manchester-road, Bolton.

Space prevents our printing the names and addresses of the winners of the minor awards, but these have been duly dispatched to those entitled to them.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

AN OCEAN MYSTERY

By ROBERT OVERTON.

Although I had a master's ticket, I was glad and proud to sign on as first mate of the fine new full-rigged ship King Edward the Seventh for her maiden voyage to Java and New Guinea.

Practically ready for sea, she lay in the Albert Docks waiting for not only the arrival but the appointment of her first commander—as to why their choice had been so long delayed the owners didn't enlighten me.

When at length they did fill the vacancy I received the intimation by letter. Captain Douglas Embleton would come aboard in the course of the day. We should get under way by the next morning's tide, which made at three o'clock.

Good. But up the gangway in the chilly January twilight walked a telegraph boy with a message addressed from Salisbury to the " First Officer " :

" *Sail with the tide. I join the ship in the Downs with the Channel pilot.*—DOUGLAS EMBLETON."

With a few words of instruction I handed the telegram to the second (or captain's) mate.

" Rather rummy," he suggested as he passed it back.

" Yes," I agreed, " but I suppose we've both known the same sort of thing happen before."

" You reckon he's laying himself out for a last fling ashore to-night? "

" It looks like it," I said; " and I'm sorry for it, Mr. Williams."

A light fog hung over the water as the clipper warped out of dock and swung into the river in tow, but lifted with the first signs of the peep o' day, and as the sun rose the wind freshened from the west. We set sail to a steady breeze, and made the Downs before nightfall.

A sharp look-out was kept for the expected pilot boat, no sight of which being obtained the anchors were let go. Her riding and side lights had been burning for some time before the cutter with the skipper and the down-Channel pilot was reported alongside.

A lumpy sea was running, but the latter made very short and easy work of the climb aboard, and—with the customary salute to myself, standing amidships to receive Captain Embleton—at once ascended the poop and relieved the river pilot of his charge.

Although a younger and much slighter man, the captain reached the deck so clumsily that I felt a good deal of surprise, though I may not have manifested any. I think I must have shown some degree of wonder, however, at the manner of his acknowledgment and return of my greeting and salute. With scarcely a look around him, and without a single question, he said brusquely :

" Lead the way below, please, Mr.—Mr.——"

" Frankland, Captain Embleton."

" Mr. Frankland, then."

Down below, as he loosened the heavy wrappings from his throat and threw aside his thickly lined overcoat, I found myself facing a thin, spare man—sparer than I had thought—of medium height and pale complexion; a man of perhaps not more than forty, though his closely cropped beard and whiskers were iron-grey and his brown moustache was turning colour also.

" Where's the steward, Frankland? " he demanded. " Tell him to bring me some brandy."

" The bell's to your hand, sir," I said. It wasn't for me to ring a bell, even for Captain Douglas Embleton.

Decanter and glasses having been placed before him,

" Will you join me? "

" No, captain."

" I'll drink for you as well as myself, then. I can do with a double dose to-night. I'm ill. I'm no drinker as a rule, but to-night I feel so bad that I shall turn in at once. The ship is in your charge, Mr. Frankland. Where's my bedroom? "

" Your *bedroom,* Captain Embleton? " I exclaimed.

" Berth, bunk, cabin, then—where is it? "

" Shall I send the steward to you? "

" Yes, do, please," he replied. " I want my traps sent down and unpacked."

" What are your orders, sir? "

" Haven't I just expressed them? What the devil are you eyeing me so curiously for? "

I checked a rejoinder at the very tip of my tongue, and substituted a curt " Good-night, sir," as I turned and left the cabin for the deck.

The cutter was sheering off from the ship's side; the anchors were being weighed and sails shaken out.

Mounting the poop, I touched the second mate on the shoulder and drew him from the side of the pilot.

" I say, Williams."

" What is it? "

" There's something wrong with the old man."

But when I saw the " old man " in his cabin next morning, going through the ship's papers, neatly clothed in nautical blue and smartly toiletted, his general appearance contrasted as favourably with his appearance overnight as did his address and demeanour.

" I'm afraid, Mr. Frankland," he observed with engaging candour, " that you must have noticed when I came aboard that I was upset and excited. The fact is, I've been suffering from a bad attack of nerves, and I'm by no means recovered yet."

" Sorry to hear it," I interrupted. What business had a sailor-man with nerves?

" As a matter of fact," he went on, " the state of my health is such that I must leave everything to you till I get better. Don't disturb me at any time more than you can help. Frequent consultations between us won't be necessary."

" I don't understand that remark, sir," I objected. " You are the master of this ship, but you speak as though you wanted to throw the responsibility of that position on my shoulders."

" I mean nothing of the sort."

" Then what do you mean? "

" Simply that I wish you—and require you—to regard me as on the sick list till I choose to take myself off."

He hesitated, and then continued in a pleasantly altered voice, his pale face flushing a little as with the confusion of manly modesty :

" Mr. Frankland, I would far rather tell you nothing about the real cause of my temporary incapacity for duty, but you make me feel that an explanation is due to you as to why I am so shaken up."

Handing me a newspaper—a copy of the " Exeter Journal "—he put his finger on a headlined and leaded article in a centre column.

" Will you read that for yourself? "

The paper chronicled as brave a deed as ever I had read or heard of. The scene was the crowded down-platform of the Queen Street Station, Exeter. The Plymouth express was steaming in. Perilously close to the edge of the staging a daintily dressed child was peering curiously at the quickly approaching engine. She overbalanced herself, fell with a scream into the four-foot way right across the innermost rail, and within a few yards of the front wheels.

The next moment " a quietly dressed, middle-aged gentleman " had leaped to her help—or, as seemed inevitable to the terrified spectators, to share her fate. But, with the buffer almost touching his head, he seized the child's dress with his teeth and the buffer with both hands. With the little one's helpless body hanging from his mouth, and with his legs outstretched beneath the fore part of the engine, the rescuer was pushed forward almost the whole length of the platform before the train was brought to a standstill.

Putting the uninjured child in her mother's arms, the gallant fellow who had saved her got clear of the crowd and the station quickly and quietly in the midst of the hubbub.

" But happily," went on the report, " he was recognised, and we are proud to record his name as that of Captain Douglas Embleton, of the mercantile marine. Our readers will be gratified to learn that Captain Embleton is a native of this city. . . . We learn as we go to press that he is likely to be appointed to the immediate command of the

sailing vessel King Edward the Seventh, newly built for Messrs. Fisher, Alimonda and Co., of London."

My chief smiled at the admiration in my eyes as I looked at him, and I noted comprehendingly the absence of several teeth between the parted lips.

"Frankland, I tell you candidly that the after-effects of the shock have unnerved and unmanned me—it was only a few days ago, you know. Last night I scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing."

"Captain Embleton," I cried as I shook his hand, "I ask your pardon for having misjudged you."

And yet within an hour I was to experience another revulsion of feeling.

Reporting her exact position at noon, I incidentally referred to the ship's call at Plymouth.

"Plymouth?" exclaimed Embleton with a startled air. "We're not going to put into Plymouth."

"But," I expostulated, "our orders——"

"You need concern yourself with no orders but mine."

"Captain Embleton, as mate of this vessel——"

"Mr. Frankland, as master of this vessel, it is for me to command—and you'll have to obey. At the first show of mutiny on your part I'll put you in irons."

This was too much, and my retort was hot and strong.

"Look here," he urged conciliatorily, and as though he felt he had gone too far, "don't let us have words. But she will not put into Plymouth. Those are my orders—and the owners'," he added, as by an afterthought.

"The owners'?" I asked. "Did you see the owners, then, between the dispatch of your telegram to me from Salisbury and your coming aboard last night? And what about the charterers and *their* orders?"

"Don't you dare to question me," he shouted, again losing control of himself. "Once more and for the last time, sir—*you will not take this ship into Plymouth.*"

The situation was serious, and I took the bearings of it before I answered. "Although you have told me to consider myself in temporary control Captain Embleton, I am still under your orders. Your orders being that we are not to put into Plymouth in accordance with our charter party, I shall not put into Plymouth. But in this respect I obey you under protest, and demand that you enter my protest in the log."

How was all this going to end? Had the man lost his reason as well as his nerve?

As the boat that landed the down-Channel pilot next day made fast alongside, Embleton came on deck. One of the two men in her threw up a newspaper, which fell almost at my feet. I stooped to pick it up. In sight of Williams, the pilot, and everybody else within range, the "captain" snatched it from my very fingers, and thrust it into the inner pocket of his own coat.

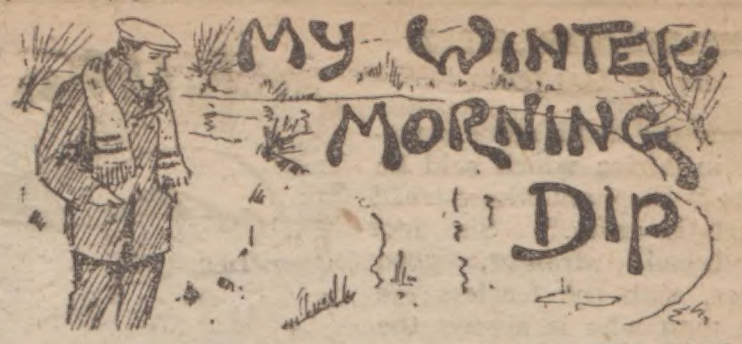
The manner in which he did it aggravated the insult of the act itself. Discipline is discipline, and it remains to the credit of my training as a sailorman that I didn't strike him. But my language seemed to hit him as hard as any blow—and I admit that my fists were clenched. In fact, there is no telling what might have happened, after all, if he hadn't hurried below.

From the cutter alongside the pilot hailed the deck. One of the men had another paper. It was passed up to Williams, who touched his cap as he handed it to me.

Half an hour afterwards, in my own cabin, I had read all I ever did read in that paper. On his way from Exeter for the Albert Docks, poor Douglas Embleton had been murdered, and his rifled body—not found till the following morning—had been flung on to the line in Templecombe tunnel. His papers and portmanteaus were missing, but his identity had been established without doubt. Apparently without leaving a single clue behind him, the murderer had made good his escape.

So the paper said. But I could trace him from the hour that he had got out of the train at Salisbury, whence his telegram to me had been the first move in his desperate game of impersonating his own victim. A desperate game, truly—and a lost game now—but when you come to think of everything, desperate criminals have won before now with just about as heavy odds against them.

The King Edward not only put in at Plymouth, but was delayed there, in connection with proceedings that terminated fatally for the most directly interested participant in them. When she resumed her interrupted voyage, the place he had usurped on board for a day or two was filled by George Frankland—at your service.



A TWENTY-MINUTES' WRESTLE WITH THE ELEMENTS.

Sometimes when I have returned from the bathing-place in the river I have wondered why in the world I should ever do such a thing. I am perfectly certain that if, in the midst of the enthusiasm of scrambling into sufficient clothes for decency and warmth, I could stop and think of what my feelings would be twenty-five minutes later, I should never brave the raw morning air. Nevertheless, I still continue my practice.

It's about the last thing I think about at night. Clothes and boots are arranged so that there need be no delay when I waken or am called at 7.30.

OFF TO THE RIVER.

There appears to be no wind, and therefore I expect a really pleasant bathe. Wind spoils it, or almost spoils it.

By the time I am out in the air and hastening to the tarred pavilion at the river-side, I am in the full flush of eager anticipation. A sharp run gives me an extra glow.

Sam, who acts in summer as our umpire at cricket matches, is also the bathing attendant. He is already there before me. He seems to think I must be mad to plunge into that swollen and rather discoloured pool.

But I am not going to argue with him. Quickly throwing off one garment after another, I begin to realise that after all there is a wind. On the stillest morning a breeze seems to rise as one strips in the open.

At this critical moment once or twice I am sorely tempted to dress again. The idea of a plunge, which seemed so delicious as I swung along in the flush of exercise, now seems like a dive among knives. Ugh!

TAKING THE PLUNGE.

But Sam is here. How he would crow if I gave in.

There! The last item of clothing is removed, and the one necessary one is hurriedly slipped on.

Now is the moment of moments! I dare not stand on the plank and gaze at the water. That would be fatal. I'm veritably between the devil and the deep sea.

One, two, three! Up go my arms; I take a breath, step to the edge, lean forward, spring!

Phew! Splashing, blinking, struggling furiously, puffing, blowing, a rush of vague impressions of many waters in my ears, I come up on the swirling surface again. I shake my face clear of clinging hair, still thrusting out arms and legs in a desperate fight with the cold water.

There! Now it's more bearable. Away I go to the opposite side; then back again; then once more across again, giving myself a mighty shove off with the feet from the landing platform.

THE DRYING PROCESS.

As I return the second time Sam is there to give me a hand out.

"Had enough?" he briefly asks, as he helps me up.

For a moment I stand, dripping, on the stage. What a moment of delight it is! The glow of reaction is now in full swing, and I could go back again into the water joyfully.

But Sam has already got behind and is rubbing and scraping my back with the roughest towel he can find. It feels like a stiff clothes-brush, and I wince as he helps in the drying process.

Then back into the pavilion and a quick dressing.

"'Morning, Sam," I call to him, and am away again.

On the way to my room I look in at the breakfast table and carry off a cup of coffee to keep me going while I shave and dress for work.

Fifteen minutes later I am down again, standing with my back to a bright fire; and then I fall to on anything that's going—porridge, bacon, fried tomatoes, toast, coffee.

Then off to the station—a paper, a pipe, the flaps of my coat well over my knees. And so to town.

T. HILTON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A KING OF MEN

By F. GALTON.

Staranger had a name somewhere in Africa which said he was the "Elephant-whose-tread shaketh-the-earth." Six foot two, broad, straight, good features, with the fearless eye of the man who is always the master in whatever community, white or black, he finds himself, he took to me merely because he could not procure locally a song that I used to play and sing at the piano.

He was celebrated for a few conflicts with the untutored savages; but the stockbroking exiles who lived in Taversham because it boasted pretty country and a fine golf links within easy reach of London admired him because he was the first man to grow cotton at Khartoum. A similar feat, from the expert's point of view, would have been to raise a crop of corn in Trafalgar Square.

Always a thirster after a good story and a man who could tell it, I fell to the virile claims of the Elephant-whose-tread-shaketh-the-earth. He had many tales. How, on forced marches through the jungle he had drunk water wrung out of a couple of spadefuls of quagmire thrown into his only shirt; how at Abatti Kroum he had watched a man cut to pieces alive by ten natives (the penalty being death by slow fire to the first who made the fatal incision), left me cold, because they are in the inevitable book of every explorer. But I was fetched by his genius in the matter of the Abyssinian waterholes.

Leading a party parched with thirst, and likely to succumb to it on the plains, he caught a particularly hostile native woman, who gloried in their plight, and would not give the whereabouts of the water. Salt—a poor palliative to men dying for drink—was all they had.

Ungallant threats of immediate shooting being of no avail, Staranger had a brilliant idea. With further ungentlemanly behaviour he stuffed the lady's mouth full of salt, held her mouth and spreading nose as one makes a dog take medicine, and thus made her as much in want of a long quencher as they. He let her go, and she ran straight to one of the jealously-guarded secret water-holes in that arid land.

The night after he had told me that, he strode regally into the smoke-room of Taversham's one decent hotel.

"Got a carriage outside," said he. "You're to come up to dinner at my place and sing that song."

I drove up to Staranger's rubbing shoulders with a one-time British Resident, and my knees in the way of some big pot of an Administrator—men these. Socially they were week-end guests of Staranger's. Actually they were his unqualified admirers.

Far away as they were from me in point of view of their comprehensive dallying with continents and savage powers, they were good enough to tell me, under cover of the rumbling wheels that Staranger was "top-hole"—the man of his century, one who was going to alter North African history.

On the top of the hill that overlooks Taversham, we pulled up at the Summit Hotel, to see that the wine ordered had been sent along to Staranger's house. I was anxious to deputise, but the god from Khartoum insisted on doing his own shopping. It is unpleasant to be fallen upon by mountains, wherefore I stepped out and followed in attendance on Staranger.

He flung open the door into the bar. He entered fearsomely. Mr. Abeldy, the landlord in the corner, however, did not tremble. He was under the very lucrative royal patronage.

"Sent immediately after we had your order, sir," said he.

"Good. Now I'm going to have a drink. Boy, you have a drink. Potman, you have a drink, too, and, landlord, you must join us."

The young man with the oiled hair behind the bar pinked so far as his sallow cheeks were capable of it. "Potman," indeed! Technically that was his rating, but when a man is in a nautical waistcoat and a clean collar and, above all, a white tie crocheted by the pretty chambermaid, it is something to resent.

He had not taken into account that kings do not search for fancy titles for menials.

"Come! Hurry up, my man!" said Staranger.

The potman rose slowly but with bombast. He prided himself, I think, on a certain handiness in Mr. Jack Johnson's department, for he bore the double duty of barman and chucker-out with some distinction.

I will admit I trembled for him, but, like the hero that brings down the house in a provincial drama, he said it clearly and with one superfluous "h."

"I ham not your man!"

"You fool, you fool!" said Mr. Abeldy, agonisedly, adding under his breath to me, "You know, if Mr. Staranger is a bit of a peremptory man he is also our very best customer."

I expected to see the idiot of a potman—I label him thus advisedly, for were the king insulted it was well known he presented largesse within two seconds—felled to earth in the royal anger.

Instead, Staranger was smiling at him tolerantly.

"That is a very good thing for you," he observed simply.

The landlord looked up anxiously.

"He's out of my control, Mr. Staranger," said Abeldy. "He's under notice already."

"I'd like to have him with me in Egypt," said Staranger, and he meant every word. "I'd make a man of him and not a whimpering little monkey too sloppy to answer to the name of 'potman' when his courtesy title is 'licensed victualler's gentleman assistant.' Come along, get those drinks and don't fool!"

Staranger went on laughing, but I noticed the metallic, dangerous ring under the muffled sound of it.

The potman skulked off to get some tankards to execute the king's order of three Basses in cans.

"And what you like yourself," Staranger added to the barman.

"Hi don't want hanything."

The tone very plainly added, "with you."

That was too much for Staranger.

"Look here, you'll have that drink," he said.

His fearless eyes were blazing. To him this youth with the oiled quiff was a rebellious nigger. You cannot have that sort disobeying the predominant white.

The man fumbled with a bottle—a corked Bass put aside.

"Well, you see, I can't," he said, pouring it out. "It's a wrong 'un. It's like some fellers I know. It's got a good label on the bottle, but——"

He got no further with his simile. I do not quite know how Staranger did it, but I can vouch for the fact that he has an arm like any powerful man's leg.

He seemed to catch the brilliantined one precisely in the middle of the waistcoat, and, holding him out at arm's-length over the counter, turn him upside down, neatly dipping his head in his own waste-trough, returning him to his feet with stale beer dripping down his face, and standing on his oiled hair in large drops.

Then he threw him five shillings, "for a new bottle of pomade," and went out in possession of a good story for the rulers of Empire.

I think we had taken our first sips of after-dinner benedictine when the local cheap-practice solicitor called and stated that Staranger's five-shilling bribe (!) had been of no use. He said the potman's head had been badly knocked against the trough, and he was at that moment in bed, concussion feared. Coming to the point, it was a case of ten pounds down (here the solicitor carefully returned the five shillings) or a summons on the morrow.

The ex-Resident and the Administrator regarded the solicitor as some beetle. His majesty was genuinely amused—this little person in England was too killing.

I heard the ex-Resident break blandly in upon the conversation.

"You surely can't know what you are talking about, Mr.—er—Witterspoon. The man was insulting. Surely you don't know who Mr. Staranger is."

It was painful to the Administrator to add himself to the discussion.

He mentioned very diffidently that England's most accredited representative in Egypt could hardly be bothered with this dame's school quarrel.

"Ah, well, gentlemen, you'll see," said the little solicitor. "My client, Mr. Tippin, means business."

And, sensibly accepting a whisky and soda, he left us.

Staranger laughed for five minutes, or perhaps scoffed is

(Continued on page 480.)

CHINSTRAP'S BROTHER IN LOVE

SOME FURTHER REMINISCENCES OF AN AMUSING CHARACTER.

The febrile disease known as love affects different men in different ways.

Some it makes offensively hilarious, others it temporarily turns into morbid misanthropes. Some it causes to swear off drink, with the result of a sad relapse when the course of true love happens to grow bumpy.

I remember that my brother celebrated the breaking off of an engagement, during which the lady had insisted on his being a teetotaler, by consuming eighteen small bottles of Guinness—not all at once, I must say, but in the course of the evening.

I remember that his opinion of Guinness, as a salve for a bleeding heart, was that it was "rather gassy."

However, as I was saying, love produces various symptoms, and with my brother the outward and visible sign of the amatory fires raging within took the form of sighing.

His were no ordinary sighs. Various great storms which have been attributed to cyclonic and other atmospheric disturbances were due, in my humble opinion, to my brother's sighs.

HIS SISTER'S GOVERNESSES.

I do not wish to heap blood on my brother's bald head, but I am confident that there would have been no Tay Bridge disaster but for the fact that at the time my brother was in love with my sister's governess.

Oh, these poor governesses! They came and went in an almost unending procession, three days being the average length of their stay, for it rarely took my brother longer than that to discover that this time he really was in earnest, and to introduce us to yet another prospective member of the family.

Even the obvious device of engaging governesses who were perhaps more distinguished for intellectual attainments and moral worth than for good looks was of no avail.

NOT HARD TO PLEASE.

My own belief is that in these days my brother would have proposed to a broomstick draped in a blouse and a petticoat, and as the elderly virgins realised that my brother was their last chance, they took far more shifting than the young and pretty ones.

The supply of governesses eventually came to an end, but our real troubles were only now beginning.

We were constantly receiving deputations from indignant fathers, who had caught my brother hanging round their premises, sometimes after the daughter of the house, sometimes after the cook—it did not matter much to my brother—and at least once a week some damsel, generally from a tobacconist's shop, would turn up and want to be a sister to us.

If my brother's tastes were wide, not to say low, there was not an ounce of harm in him. His intentions were always strictly matrimonial, which in many ways made it all the more awkward.

SCARS OF LOVE.

At the same time, the purity of his motives was not always appreciated.

I never got the truth out of him, but one night he came home with his face all scratched, his clothes covered with mud and blood, and badly torn in several places. His explanation was that in trying to take a short cut across country he had fallen into a hedge, but it was noticeable that he kept the house for about a week afterwards, incidentally making it practically uninhabitable by reason of his continuous and prodigious sighing.

It was like living with a steam siren—only the mournfullest note ever produced by steam siren moaning and wailing through the fog was "Yip-i-addy-i-ay" compared with my brother's music when crossed in love.

Later on, my brother went to sea—I may explain that before he got into the Navy as one of the well-named "Hungry Half Hundred" he was in the Merchant Service—and for a time there was peace, but not for long.

Before this my brother's love affairs had been disinterested. Sordid motives did not enter into them at all—in fact, his favourite rôle was King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. Now, however, he began to fall in love, if not for money, at least where money was.

This did not make for harmony. Australian mutton millionaires do not usually favourably regard fifth officers of the Mercantile Marine as future sons-in-law, and consequently my brother was constantly being sacked for proposing to Miss Mutton Millionaire, usually within three days of the ship leaving port. Then he would come home and sigh worse than ever.

Had the owners of the line not been related to him, my brother would certainly have been fired altogether, and as it was they reduced him to the smaller vessels.

This, however, did not cure his passion for proposing to anything in petticoats.

THRICE ON ONE TRIP.

On one voyage he was engaged three times. To number one by the time the vessel reached Port Said. Shortly after leaving Port Said he discovered that he could never be more than a big brother to No. 1, and, the lady releasing him, he became engaged to No. 2. No. 2 left the ship at Colombo, and four days later my brother was engaged to No. 3, who had come aboard at Colombo.

This sort of thing was rather trying to the rest of the family, for we were constantly receiving letters to say that there really was no mistake about it, and would we go and call on "her" people at home. We would call, and then about a week later would come a note explaining that it was all a mistake, and the lady's people did not always understand that my brother was not quite responsible for his actions.

ASLEEP IN HIS BATH.

Once I think the affair was really serious. Being by this time in the Navy, my brother was on his way to join his ship on the China Station and became engaged to the sister of a missionary on board. Some time later my brother got a few days' leave, which he spent at his fiancée's house. One night a dance was given at the club, to which my brother went alone, as his fiancée and her people did not approve of such affairs.

Next morning my brother did not descend to family prayers and the missionary went upstairs to look for him.

His door was locked, and repeated knocking brought no response. Alarmed, they had the door forced, by which time the ladies had assembled.

My brother was not dead or in a fit. Fully dressed, he was half sitting, half lying, sound asleep in his bath, which was full of water.

To-day my brother is still a bachelor, but I have a note from him this morning in which he informs me that he is engaged—that all his previous affairs were mere calf-love—this is the master passion of a lifetime.

"CHINSTRAP."

LAUNDRY MARKS.

Most men who shift their diggings occasionally, from one cause or another, and who in doing so go from one district to another, of necessity change their laundress when they change their abode.

This often means that one's linen after a few moves becomes a sort of pattern of miscellaneous hieroglyphics known as laundry marks. These marks are usually necessary in order that one's goods may be identified when ready to be delivered after washing. They are only necessary, however, because so many men do not take the trouble to have their linen properly marked with their name or initials.

The best way to avoid the spoiling of linen, especially handkerchiefs, is to see that no article is brought into use before it has its owner's initials upon it. Put these well up into a corner, not far inside, otherwise they cannot readily be seen when the article is clean and folded.

Black marking-ink is the best, and a white worked silk or other initial is the worst. When every garment is marked, write a note to the laundry people and tell them that this is so, and request them not to add any other mark. If they persist in doing so after this they are liable to replace spoiled articles.

INTERESTING CARD TRICKS

TO WHILE AWAY A SPARE HALF-HOUR.

When a party of men have been playing cards for an hour or two they will generally begin to yawn now and then, and that is the time to leave off card-playing, and it is also at that point that the man who knows a few tricks with a pack of cards is suddenly recognised as a very welcome member of the gathering. Here, then, are some simple tricks that almost anyone can do with a little practice.

Making all the cards, except a chosen one, fall to the ground, is a puzzling trick to the spectator, though very simple to perform.

You ask somebody to choose a card, which he does, afterwards putting it back in the pack which you hold, opened fanwise, out to him. Without appearing to do so, you carefully note its position, and deftly contrive to shuffle it to the bottom of the pack, *turning its face upwards*. It is solely this part of the trick that gives any trouble at all.

A SHARP RAP DOES IT.

Now ask the chooser to hold the pack, placing it between his fingers and thumb, so that they grip about an inch of it, the fingers being underneath and the thumb on top. Then give the pack a smart rap on the top with your finger. All the cards will fall to the ground save the bottom one, which has its face upwards, and is the card chosen.

To make a chosen card turn over is an amusing trick. Shuffle the card in question to the top of the pack, being careful to push it unobserved about an inch to one side, so that it overlaps the rest of the pack. Hold them about eighteen inches above the table, and drop them so that they fall flat. The resistance of the air will cause the top card to turn right over, and it will lie on the table face-uppermost, while the others will be as they were.

IN SOMEONE ELSE'S POCKET.

Making a card disappear and be found in somebody's pocket is a mysterious-looking, but really simple trick. Have the pack shuffled by somebody in the audience, and, putting it on the table, ask the shuffler to look at the top card. Say that you will make that card vanish from the pack, but *he* is to be your instrument.

Having moistened the back of your hand unobserved, you invite him to do as you do. "So," and you press the back of your hand on the top card, and lay the palm of the other on it. Thus the top card sticks to the back of your hand, so that you are enabled quickly to abstract and conceal it.

The shuffler next presses the pack, and, while taking great care to see that he does it properly, you seize an opportunity of slipping your ill-gotten card into somebody's pocket.

DISTINGUISHING CARDS BY SMELL.

Then you tell your innocent abettor that he is doing it right, and you say "Vanish," telling him to remove his hands instantly. You add, "I command the card to pass into Mr. So-and-So's pocket" (or his top-hat, or wherever you may have put it).

On turning up the top card, the original one is found to have gone, and duly to have hidden itself in the required place. Much applause results.

Distinguishing court cards by smelling them is a device which takes in most people, but here you need a confederate. Remark that your sense of smell is so acute that by it you can tell court cards from the others. Get someone to blindfold you, take the pack, shuffle it, put it down, and then, taking up the top card, expose it to the audience. Then smell it and wait for a sign from your confederate.

A good plan is to have a piece of fine black twine fixed to your ankle. If the card is a court, your confederate pulls the string, if not, he doesn't. Any other mode of signalling, in reason, would do as well.

G. C. PATCH.

MY NOTEBOOK.

GOOD LUCK. Good luck to you all, my readers, on this opening day of 1912.

Each of you has his particular ambitions, and I trust that they will all be gratified during the coming twelvemonth.

A PROBLEM FOR EMPLOYERS. A West of England reader informs me that he has just been victimised by a dishonest clerk, who had been for some time in the habit of opening letters and extracting postal orders which customers enclosed. Suspicions arose, and a trap was set, and the dishonesty of the clerk was proved. He denied the thefts when taxed with them, but when the proofs were put before him he confessed.

It was not a case for pity, from what my reader tells me; for the clerk expressed no regret, and offered no sort of explanation.

Nevertheless his employer was unwilling to give him into charge, and allowed him to go; but now he is doubtful whether he acted rightly, for, as he puts it, he permitted to go free an unprincipled rogue, who will probably prey upon other employers.

Dishonesty in business is comparatively rare, considering the vast amount of money that is turned over. I certainly appreciate my reader's difficulty, and, although it seems a hard course to pursue, I believe that he ought to have given the man into custody, not only in the interests of other employers, but in the interests of other employees.

The great percentage of employees are as honest as the day, and it is highly injurious to them that black sheep should be allowed to remain amongst them.

A BRIGHT AND BREEZY CHARACTER. According to my promise, I have much pleasure in presenting to your notice the story entitled "Bobby Co-Partners."

I feel sure that the central character is one whom you will like at once, and I hope that you will favour me with your opinion of him; for, if he proves as popular as I expect him to do, I shall ask Mr. Garratt to describe some more of Bobby's adventures for your entertainment.

OUR LATEST SCHEME. We have much pleasure in printing this week, on page 469, the names and addresses of those to whom have been sent the awards in connection with our first Recommendation Scheme. On the same page we give particulars of our second Recommendation Scheme, which will, I trust, prove equally popular.

This second scheme will run for only one week, and the names of those entitled to awards in connection with it will appear in our issue published this day fortnight. Next week we shall give particulars of our third Recommendation Scheme, and the winners in that case also will be listed a fortnight afterwards.

We feel sure that this alteration will be appreciated by all our readers, for instead of having to collect recommendation forms for four weeks before they know the result of their efforts, they will have to collect them for only one week, and they will have the result within seven days of their sending in their forms.

In a matter of this sort, quick results are always appreciated, and I hope the point will still further add to the popularity of these schemes.

MATCH-MAKING. It would seem, judging from several letters that I have received, that, by printing our recent series of "Memoirs of a Married Man," I have done as much recruiting for Cupid as I did for Mr. Haldane when the Territorial Force was in need of support, and I used the whole influence of this paper on its behalf.

These memoirs have shown the attractive side of married life, just as the stories of Trooper Kernahan and his friends have given a glimpse of Territorial good-fellowship to those who previously knew nothing of it. I hope my latest recruits will bless me as much as my earlier ones.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BOBBY CO-PARTNERS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Leyburn Street, in the Westholm, or pressed-for-money, district of Kenchester, was drear and dismal under the winter sky. The cold sleet had whirled along it in the early morning from number one to the far-away number two hundred and forty. Misery Highway they called it, for immediately after Christmas Day the houses that had not the brokers to entertain them were the exception.

Beyond the straight lead roofs, the call of the itinerant trader in rags and bones came sadly on the chill breeze. One heard him until he was lost far along the narrow passages that formed the back ways. "Raig-gor-bung! Raig-gor-bung!"

In front of the houses were railings that enclosed the twelve-foot-by-four "gardens," and each creak of the iron gates heralded a caller who, once the door was open, put his boot between the post and the step and said he was sorry to trouble them, but, &c.

Sometimes a cart would turn into Leyburn Street. Gentlemen who were not expecting visitors of importance, and had not bothered to shave, peered at the sound of those carts out of their front rooms, and, until they saw they bore the name of some tradesman, wondered which of their neighbours had seized the opportunity presented by a shortage of brokers to move. The dread after-Christmas period reigned in Leyburn Street—Leyburn Street that saved not when it was at work, and spared not when it was at play.

In mid-morning the sky brightened, and the gentlemen of leisure fell to wondering whether it was not time to don their caps and wrappers and sally forth in search of free beer. The matrons put their inventive genius to the something-for-dinner question, and prophesied dismal things the while if their particular lazybones did not get something to do.

The sound of Mr. Robert Brooker—his cheery whistle, his horse, and his horse's bell—draws nearer. At each door there is a scramble as to who shall be in front to receive Mr. Bobby's salute.

As the sky cleared and the hope of cosier quarters in a four-ale bar showed on the men's faces, so did the words become the more bitter. . . .

"Garn! get out you lazy, good-for-noithin' thing!"

"'Oo the 'ell d'you think you're a-mobbin' of?"

And then, far away, tinkle-tinkle-ting-ting-ting. Tinkle-tinkle-ting-ting-ting!

"There's Bobby Co-partners!" was the cry in every house.

Such a diving into deep and sadly empty housekeeping pockets; such a hurried tying-on of bonnets; such a tittivating (in the case of the younger daughters of the house) of hair and changing of worn house shoes for best!

"I'm going, my dear," says the matron.

"No; let me. You mustn't catch a cold, mother," says the maid.

Outside, the sound of Mr. Robert Brooker—his cheery whistle, his horse, and his horse's bell—draws nearer. At each door there is a scramble as to who shall be in front to receive Mr. Bobby's salute.

Now he is at Mrs. Browning's (la! how that woman does ape the young girls to be sure!); now Nelly Jex (a forward hussey!) is making eyes at him; now Mrs. Parker's widowed daughter is taking longer to put the threepence for the loaf into his hand than is necessary (the Co-partners' stores ought to know about the way she stops the anxious-to-hurry Bobby). Mrs. Wenham wants nothing this morning, but she waves her hand to him, and now he is here!

He throws the reins on the sagacious Andrew's back; he jumps out with his bread basket. Any bread to-day, and what orders for the Co-partners' stores? One large, and leave it till to-morrow? Right.

Down it goes in the book which cannot be snatched away from Bobby, however artfully you try, pretty Mary Meadows.

"Ta-ta. I'll write you all from Paris, my dears," said Bobby, saluting them farewell with his whip.

Andrew perceived he was at the end of Misery Highway, and there was a smile in every house and a glow in every heart as Bobby drove out of the street.

Andrew, the property of the Co-partners' Universal Supply Stores and the bond-slave of Bobby, nicknamed after the firm, knew all the way well. The Westholm district was planned on the American style. It was very regular. As Booby took out of his pocket the little package surreptitiously handed him by the daughter of the house of Meadows, he instinctively turned the corner in Wichfield Avenue, which runs parallel with Leyburn Street in most things except its ideas. Bobby opened the packet with one hand and read the note enclosed with it.

"Father says he haven't got no money to give you a Christmas box this Christmas, but will you accept of this? Wishing you a prosperous New Year.—M. Meadows. P.S.—Father is out of work, or he would give you a drink as well."

Now a packet of Woodbines to one who has collected shillings in the districts where Bobby Co-partners was known to the maids as Mr. Brooker is not a lot, especially when a young man has risen to the threepence-for-ten varieties. But Bobby Co-partners placed them carefully in his waistcoat pocket, and observed to Andrew, "Old Medders is a bit of all right."

Wherefore, when a lank personage strolled out of an opening connecting the superior avenue with Leyburn Street, and called, "Did you see Meadows when you called this morning, Bob?" Bob replied that Meadows was a bit of all right.

That lank man with the worried look was none other than Mr. George Flack, landlord of many slow-paying houses in Leyburn Street. A strict Plymouth Brother, he was reported to do good by stealth; no man was ever more Red Indian-like about his charity. It rarely leaked out.

"Watched you this morning driving along Leyburn Street," observed the landlord. "My word, Bobby, what an asset you'd be as a broker. All the doors seem to open to you. That Meadows owes me four weeks."

There was a question in his tone.

There was some virtuous indignation concealed somewhere in the breast of the cheery Bobby.

"What d'you take me for?" asked Bobby.

"Oh, I was only going to ask you to see him for me, and ask him——"

"And what would the company say to the transaction: your business in their time?"

"I was going to say I only want you to ask him—you could put it in three words——"

Bobby waved the sentence aside.

"How are you getting on with your new houses up at Highfields?" he asked. "Passed there the other day. Didn't seem to be much doing."

For a youthful nose of twenty-one, Bobby's was, pleasantly, well in other people's business.

"Can't get 'em to work very easy just after

Christmas. Some of 'em have got some money left, you know. Some of 'em I wouldn't have again——"

"Carpenters?" asked Bobby.

"Three of them. But about Meadows——"

Andrew, at an imperceptible hint from Bobby, was already moving off.

"See you to-morrow," said Mr. Flack, hopefully.

Further down the street Bobby drove by Mr. Meadows, who was minus his carpenter's apron.

"Hullo, old toff. You cut down that opening," he hissed. "There's old Long-and-Lanky comin' along. Thanks for the fags. Buzz along home."

Mr. Meadows winked and made a strategic retreat.

Bobby pulled out his large watch, turned Andrew around, and observed to himself that five minutes ought to suffice. Pulling his book out of his breast pocket, he made a rapid calculation.

"Medders, five an' four," he said. "Medders, five shillings and fourpence."

He went along at an ostentatious walk, his eyes on Andrew's broad back, for all the world as though he had not noticed Mr. Flack fall in within easy distance behind the cart.

"Forgotten something?" asked Flack, beaming.

"Yes. Ought to 'ave asked Medders for their account. It's five an' four. We're a cash stores really, y'know."

Mr. Flack disappeared down the connecting passage.

Bobby shook Andrew up into a jog trot, and broke out into a cheery tune, subdued enough for the niceties of the avenue where street noises were prohibited, and where it was rumoured, a petition against the vulgarity of the bell on Andrew's collar was likely to be drawn up and duly signed.

The "Camptown Races," artistically rendered, rose above the crushing of the iron-tyred wheels on the rain-soaked road.

"Going to run all night,
Going to run all day. . . .
I put my money on the bob-tailed nag,
And somebody bet it on the bay."

So merrily did Bobby Co-partners whistle the refrain that all Leyburn Street swore that he had made a selection in the sweetheart line at last, and, as no one in all Leyburn Street would have repelled the advances of Bobby, they fell to wondering who it was. For why should he, the briskest of tradesmen, go home by the longest way round?

Because he stopped outside Mary Meadows' house, seven maidens and one young widow said bitter things to themselves.

They hoped he had forgotten the flour, but he hopped off the cart bearing not so much as his bread-basket, and with only his book in his hand—a palpable excuse to look business-like over that Mary, said the watchers.

Mary came to the door right enough, and those who could not catch the opening conversation invented things about the greeting.

What Bobby actually said was, "Miss Medders, can you trust me?"

"Trust *you?* Go on!"

"Well, just you talk to me thirteen to the dozen. That shouldn't come hard. And you play up to me."

Bobby cleared his throat.

"My manager must have this 'ere money," he said in loud and accepted business-like tones. "Otherwise, nothing more can be delivered."

"Oh, c-can't it?" said Mary, fearfully, genuinely alarmed.

"Yes (tremble a little more). I must see your father, miss, I'm afraid. (Yes, I know that's old Flack creeping up behind my cart, but keep on talking; 'e ain't a panther.)"

"See my father?"

"Yes. Fetch him at once (Go on, Miss Medders. You can't savvy for nuts.)"

"But he ain't——"

"Yes he *is* in. (I thought you said you could trust me. I tell you I'm going to put you all on a sound financial persition.")

("All right, Bobby. But you look that terrible, and you speak that gruff.) I'll fetch him for you, sir."

"As if," said Bobby, in despair, "you'd say sir to me! You're no actress."

Mary departed and left the door wide open. It was too much for the abashed Mr. Flack. He made a dive for it; but just at the precise moment that Bobby elected to rest himself by placing both arms across the door, and looking inside.

"Hullo!" said Bobby, turning his head. "Come to do your own calling then? Nothing 'artless, nothing like takin' possession is it?—just arter Christmas, too, and you a charitable man?"

Bobby looked at him perplexedly, and then a smile lighted up his face.

"Why, forgive me for thinkin' such things of yer, Mr. Flack," said he, holding out his hand. "Ow I *must* 'ave 'urt you! Of course, you want three carpenters. Medders is to be one of 'em, of course. Medders, come along. Gentleman 'ere wants to give you a job."

Meadows came forward, a little perturbed, and wondering what Mr. Flack would seize.

"Don't you look worried, old chap," said Bobby. "I dessay Mr. Flack will let you sub a bit on account, so as you can pay this bill my manager's worryin' about. What d'you say, Mr. Flack? You can deduct it, and also the little amount owing, a bit per week."

Mr. Flack looked sour for some seconds. Then his reputation for charity got the better of him.

"Start this afternoon, Meadows, up at Highfields. Here's a sovereign in case you want anything to go on with."

But Bobby's were the fingers that intercepted that pound and gave it to Mr. Meadows, less five shillings and fourpence.

"Thank *me?*" said Bobby to the fair Mary, when the landlord had gone. "My dear girl, I simply 'ad to 'ave that back account brass, or you don't know what a shine and a 'arf I should ha' come in for when I got 'ome—and I may say that when our manager starts you 'ear something."

CLEANING A RIFLE.

SOME TIPS FOR TERRITORIALS.

Of all the causes of bad shooting on the range, the one least suspected is the neglect to clean the rifle properly.

Time was when the use of water in cleaning a rifle would have been considered ridiculous, whereas now it is known among experts to be indispensable, if one wishes to make a rifle really clean.

Before firing the bore of the rifle *must* be properly dried, as the presence of oil in the barrel will cause erratic shooting, but the whole of the action should be well lubricated with Russian petroleum or mineral jelly.

As soon as possible after firing, pull an oily piece of rag, loosely fitting, through the bore. This is intended to loosen the fouling that has accumulated, and to prevent its setting hard.

On arrival home you should proceed to use the water, which *must* be boiling hot.

Remove the bolt, and, holding the rifle muzzle downwards over a bucket, insert a suitably-shaped funnel into the chamber, and pour into it about four or five quarts of the water. Any tinsmith will make you a funnel for a small sum.

The heat of the water has the effect of opening wide the pores of the metal of the bore, just as the heat of the explosion does while firing, while the water itself washes away the fouling that becomes imprisoned in those pores when the barrel cools after firing.

The fouling being entirely removed in this manner, "sweating" of the bore will cease to trouble you.

Thoroughly dry the bore, and finish by lubrication as above. Remember that the rag you use to oil the bore must fit rather loosely, as tightness would squeeze out the oil before the rag had completed its journey along the bore, thus leaving part of it dry.

If the rifle is not in use, daily oiling of its metal parts, and weekly polishing with rag of the wooden, will keep it in trim.

The presence in niches, holes, and corners of dust and dirt, and particularly of rust, should be watched for and removed. Never, under any circumstances, however, use materials with rough surfaces, as emery paper or bath-brick. Always keep the inside of the magazine dry; the presence of oil therein will interfere with the proper working of the magazine platform.

Ordinary petroleum should never be used, as this will eventually cause rust.

Treat your rifle well, and it will serve you well, while it will be quick to revenge itself for neglect.

ARTIFICIAL PUPPY-REARING.

PRACTICAL TIPS FOR THE DOGGY MAN.

Like human babies, puppies are much better off, and have a far better chance of growing up strong and healthy, when nursed by their mother, or, failing her, by a foster-mother, than when reared artificially.

The canine mother, however, may die in puppy-birth, or for some reason or other be incapable of feeding her offspring; no foster-mother is available, and there you are, left with a litter of puppies, who, unlike the human baby, require to be fed almost from the moment they enter the world.

Take comfort, however, in the fact that the artificial rearing of puppies is not such a very troublesome business after all, and lasts only about five weeks. during the last two of which they do not require very much attention.

The first thing is to keep them warm, more especially during the first few hours of their existence. Strong, healthy puppies will take food within an hour or so of birth, and what they want is one or other of the advertised milk foods.

This should be given tepid every two hours from a small bottle, with a short tube and small teat attached.

See that the teat is not so hard that the puppies, or the weaklier ones among them, cannot compress it.

Milk food every two hours will keep them going until they are two weeks old, when they should have it every three hours.

This programme continues until they are a month old, and then for the next week or two, or until they are able to take the food out of a pan or vessel, they should be fed every four hours.

LONDON CAMEOS.

XII. VENEER.

They met by chance in a busy London thoroughfare.

The rays of the slanting sun showed up the faded shabbiness of the one man and threw into glossier relief the shiny silk hat of the other.

Recognition was mutual.

"Well, I'm blessed! It's Brown!" said the Well-Dressed Man, stopping.

"Fancy seeing you," said the Shabby Man, half-nervously, extending a hand.

He found it cordially and quickly released.

"Well, how *are* you?" said the Well-Dressed Man.

"Oh, pretty well, thank you, Carter. How are you?"

"Never better. It's a good many years since we met, isn't it? I suppose you're—er—doing pretty well, eh?"

"Oh, yes; I mustn't grumble, thank you, Carter. Not making much money, you know, but managing to knock along somehow. I needn't ask you how *you* are doing."

"Ha! ha! Why? Thinking I'm looking jolly prosperous, and all the rest of it? Well, as a matter of fact I *have* been doing pretty well lately. Pulled off a biggish thing in rubbers—wish I'd only known where *you* were to be found. Come and have a drink."

They went and had a drink together, though the Shabby Man was in rather a hurry—he had to get back to the office, he explained.

After the third drink he protested that he really must go. He was apparently strong-willed, in spite of his surface nervousness and unwillingness to offend. The Well-Dressed Man could not dissuade him. They walked out on to the pavement together.

"Say, old man," said the Well-Dressed Man parenthetically; "where are you living? I want you to lend me a fiver if you can. I'll post it on to you to-morrow. Can't get hold of any till the bank opens in the morning."

"I haven't *got* a fiver," said the Shabby Man.

"Well—a sovereign might see me through. I can't go through the evening without money. Never thought I was short."

"Other people are shorter perhaps," observed the Shabby Man. He looked his companion squarely between the eyes and read therein what he had been beginning to suspect. "I've got a wife and two kiddies," he added. "I put them before everything, or perhaps I might be as prosperous looking as you. I should try 'tapping' somebody a bit softer next time. Good-bye."

G. A.

OBSTACLES IN THE HUNTING FIELD

HOW TO SURMOUNT THEM.

The problem of surmounting the obstacles met with in the hunting field by followers on foot is one of increasing difficulty every year; and as the theory is that a keen sportsman ought to be able to go wherever hounds have gone, a few tips as to certain contingencies likely to prevent the realisation of this ideal may be welcome.

Barbed wire is the bane of the foot-person as well as the mounted sportsman; but while the latter is stopped by it, the former may still go forward. If it is laid along a gate or fence, the quickest plan is to take off one's jacket, lay it on the top of the fence, and then vault or climb over. This is practically the only method which will enable ladies to negotiate barbed wire.

NEGOTIATING CHESTNUT PALINGS.

Chestnut palings are from their cheapness spreading in all directions, especially in the vicinity of towns and suburban "residential neighbourhoods," where beagling also flourishes. They can neither be climbed nor squeezed through, and may not be torn down. As a rule they are kept together by strands of plain wire; but fortunately each paling is generally only thrust an inch or so into the ground. If the earth at the base of a couple of adjacent stakes is kicked with a boot-toe, their points will be liberated. The wire on one side of each stake nearest the ground should then be snipped with a pair of pliers, when the two stakes can be thrust apart, leaving an aperture wide enough to crawl through. The stakes should be replaced, the earth trodden round their points, and the wire twisted neatly together again before the follower goes on.

HEDGES AND FENCES.

Good jumpers can clear hedges of the bull-finch type, which, though thick near the base, are often thin at the top and less formidable than they look. It is as well to see what is on the other side, however, otherwise the leaper may come down on an upturned harrow and meet with a bad injury.

Wattle and plashed fences are usually very difficult to get over. They are too high to jump and give inwards if one attempts to climb them. The best plan is to select a place near a tree and haul oneself up by the branches, jumping off without pausing directly one is high enough to do so.

Thick, trimmed thorn hedges, though of forbidding appearance, are easily negotiable. You simply run at them, fling yourself on the top, alighting at full length on your side, and roll quickly off into the next field before the thorns have time to prick you.

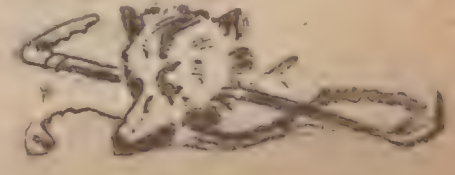
TIMBER AND WATER.

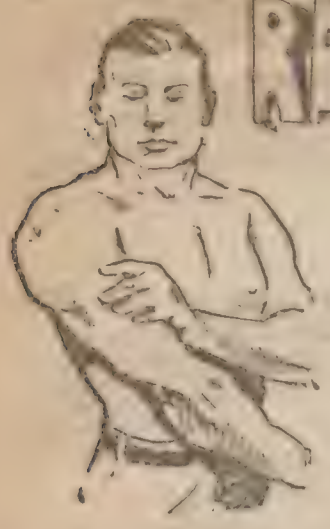
Timber has no terrors for the runner; but the water-jump is often as daunting as it is to the horseman. If it is within the estimated jumping powers of the man who is approaching it, he should go straight and fast at it in hot blood. If he pauses to study it, it will grow bigger at an alarmingly rapid rate, and he will very likely end by funking it altogether.

Fallen trees placed across a brook should be cautiously taken. They usually indicate that the water is very deep and a false step may lead to a dangerous ducking. "Slow at timber" is, like "pace at water," as sound a maxim for the foot-person as for the ordinary mounted fox-hunter.

In some places, as in the Sussex marshes, there are dykes too wide to jump, and, because they are filled with about five feet of mud with perhaps only a foot or so of water resting on it, can neither be waded nor swum. The way to take them is to go quickly and lightly down the hither bank and with short, rapid steps run through the water on the surface of the mud. You must put on pace here at the expense of a splashing, if you are to get over safely; any hesitation would be fatal.

L. C. R. CAMERON.





RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

THE NEW YEAR AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

SOME GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

To take up the practice of Physical Culture requires a certain amount of resolution. Many a man looks at the figures of athletes, envies their development, and, on learning that he also can make himself muscular, determines to do so.

Then, some evening he reaches home late and decides to dispense with his exercises for that evening only.

Shortly afterwards he wakes up late some morning, and dispenses with his morning's exercises.

Then the occasions on which he decides to give his exercises a miss increase, until Physical Culture becomes "one of the things I used to go in for a bit, but I found it too much of a bore to keep it up."

This is the result of not forming a sufficiently definite resolution. The first day of the year is the approved date for making resolutions, and it is the time when every reader of this paragraph should make up his mind to follow a definite system of exercises with unfailing regularity, in spite of all obstacles.

There are other resolutions you ought to make, and they may best be tabulated:

(1). Sleep with your bedroom windows open, no matter whether the weather is fine or not.

(2). Never eat anything which disagrees with you.

(3). If the amount of tobacco or liquor you consume is interfering with your health, reduce your allowance, or cut it off altogether.

(4). Take a bath or a sponge down every day.

By adopting these resolutions and carrying them out, you can secure fine muscular development and robust health, whatever your present condition may be.

TO MAKE GOOD LEGS.

PRACTISE THIS ONCE A DAY.

(1). Stand with your heels together and your toes spread, your back erect, and your hands resting lightly on your hips.

(2). Keeping the left leg straight, raise it as high as possible in front of you.

(3). Bend the left knee, so that the toe points to the floor. As you bend the knee, you will find that you are able to get the thigh into a more horizontal position.

(4). While doing this exercise, keep the body perfectly steady, and maintain an accurate balance. Repeat the exercise until the muscles begin to tire, and then carry it out by standing on the left foot and raising the right leg.

This exercise helps to produce a good carriage.

This exercise is one of the best for strengthening all the muscles of the legs. The effort involved in maintaining the balance also helps to develop the muscles of the back.

In order to obtain the full benefit from this exercise, you should endeavour to carry it out exactly as depicted in the illustration.

You will feel at first a strong inclination to lean back as you raise your leg, but you must not yield to it.

By leaning back you deprive the back muscles of their opportunity for development, by relieving them of the work they have to do when you maintain an upright position as shown.

Beware also of hollowing out the back at the waist and allowing the stomach to protrude.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

C. H. (Newcastle).—Dancing, unless it is practised for prolonged periods, is not a creator of muscle, but it supples the muscle you have already got, and is therefore of great service.

T. J. (Belfast).—It is not difficult to fix up, by means of a couple of stout iron brackets, a short bar to go across a doorway. By this means you can practise most of the exercises that are possible on the usual type of horizontal bar.

C. M. (Liverpool).—Apparently your kneecap has been chipped. It is not a case for massage, but for surgical treatment, and you should consult a local medical man without delay.

E. B. T. (Kensington).—The price charged by boxing instructors depends upon the qualifications and financial position of the pupil; 2s. 6d. to 5s. for each lesson is a fair price. This includes a certain amount of tuition in hits and guards, and some practice at sparring. If you are quick at learning, you can become fairly proficient with the gloves in ten or twelve lessons.

G. R. (Northampton).—Your measurements are well above the average. Your calf measurement is abnormally large for your height. How do you account for it?

W. H. (Huddersfield).—Club-swinging is specially good for the shoulders.

H. T. L. (Wigan).—The wrinkles of which you speak are probably caused by the manner in which you hold your pipe. Get a pipe with a lighter bowl.

J. H. (Camden Town).—The claims made by Messrs. Maxick and Saldo that they give individual attention to every pupil are quite genuine. I have examined their methods and inspected some of the vast number of testimonials sent to them by grateful pupils, and I cannot speak too highly of their system of teaching.

C. T. H. (Norwich).—Your measurements are good, but the fore-arms need a little special attention.

W. S. (Aberdeen).—The chief advantage of joining a gymnasium is the competitive element, which keeps up your interest. Gymnasium exercises are not so rapid or satisfactory in their results, however, as the more modern forms of physical culture.

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Call evenings, or send stamp for illus. book and terms. Outfits supplied at cost price. Special Private Lessons, can be arranged at the Professor's private residence at Chiswick.

MAXICK & SALDO

will forfeit the sum of £100 if the following testimonial is not genuine and unsolicited. The address of this gentleman will be given upon application.

Sirs,—I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you most sincerely for the great benefit which I have derived from your System of Health Exercises.

For some long time before I sought your advice I had been a sufferer from Liver troubles, Indigestion, and Nerves. My Liver is naturally sluggish, and this, coupled with a daily occupation which keeps me confined closely in an office, was doubtless the source of my misery. At times I felt terribly low and ill, and trifles which were, I confess, more or less imaginary, were continually upsetting me. I consulted several doctors, but the treatment did me no practical good. I even went to a well-known Physician of Harley Street, who confirmed the opinions of the other doctors, and prescribed a tonic for my liver and digestive organs. I followed his treatment for some time, then hearing of your System of Physical Culture, determined to try a Course of Exercises under your instruction. These exercises, which I have persevered in for some time, have accomplished far more good than all the medicine I have ever taken, and I cannot speak too highly of the amount of personal attention and care which you have devoted to my case.

A few months ago I felt my case to be almost hopeless, so morbid had I grown—now I am feeling daily stronger, brighter, and more hopeful as the distressing symptoms from which I had suffered become a memory, and I begin to realise that once again I am on the high road to complete recovery of my health and strength.

With kind regards,
Gratefully yours,
[Signed] ALF. PARKER.

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We are selling these Fountain Pens at this absurdly low price because our paper is advertised by the name of it being stamped on every pen, and our circulation is benefited by the collection of the Pen Coupons.

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with 14-carat solid gold nib will be sent post free to any address for

1/-

and 12 Pen Coupons.

(One of these coupons appears on page 466.)

Description of our Pen.

¶ The nib is made of 14-carat solid gold, tipped with iridium, and ball-pointed.

¶ The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment.

¶ The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased.

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When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

A KING OF MEN (*Continued from page 472*).

the better word. Witterspoon's name afforded him a deal of amusement, so did Witterspoon's spats, and, kinglike, he gave us the stale joke about Mr. Tippin's hair all over again.

Then he jumped up and declaimed joyously, "Margerson's the man—and we've got Margerson next door! What he doesn't know about the law is not worth knowing."

It certainly was not. Margerson was a golf-loving barrister. He lived at the next big house.

Staranger was not a man to fool with the lower herd of solicitors. We rang up Margerson, who looked in five minutes later. For a K.C., he can be very kindly; but while he said he was not above appearing at a petty sessional court to accommodate a friend it was hardly—er—his job.

"Never mind," said Staranger. "I'll show 'em. We should put him in an irrigation ditch at Khartoum for one quarter of his remarks—this Mr. Tippin!"

"It would get you lagged for attempted murder here," said Margerson. "But what's the case."

Staranger retailed it faithfully.

"Very clear," said Margerson, K.C. "Get the landlord to appear for you, and you win in a walk."

"Landlord? But I've this chap."

By which he meant me.

"He's not the slightest use. As he was coming here to dinner, he is a prejudiced witness. Anyway, you would have to prove very great provocation indeed. And I'll soon show you that he can do nothing for you."

Margerson said we were to consider him the prosecuting solicitor. The cross-examination, which he described as elemental, merely left me the reverse of an asset to his majesty, who fretted and fumed, but was beaten and baffled all through it.

As soon as Margerson had concluded with a bland, "There you are," Staranger burst out with a succession of high-voiced, bewildered, and infuriated, "But, good heavens, man! My *dear* chap!"

"I know you want to say you're Staranger," said the barrister. "But as you are not a leading grocer in Hertingwich, where this case will come on, and not a soul knows you, socially, in the county, you've no chance bar Abeldy on your side."

Before he had finished Staranger was at the telephone again, ringing up the Summit Hotel. Inside the room, Margerson smiled.

"Abeldy is not going to testify to the merits or demerits of a palpable brawl in his own house," he said. "He's got his licence to think about, and Staranger—well Staranger may be dining off a baby's arm with the cannibal chief of Wunkum-punkum within a month."

Confirmation came when Staranger broke the receiver and strode, purple and speechless, into the room.

The fine, inclusive of costs, amounted to something over three pounds. As the retired cheese-manufacturer who presided remarked, Staranger had "no right to take the law into his own hands."

He was a king, even in defeat. He stood up and thanked the magistrates for being quite fair.

The unfairness of it, however, will come at an indefinite date some days, weeks, or years hence. Neither the ex-Resident nor the Administrator will particularise this detail of time.

On that day I would ask you to hear what surely will be the words of three gentlemen mentioned in this screed.

First of all, there will be Mr. Tippin, who will say: "I ham prahd to s'y that Mr. Staranger once *hinsisted* on me 'aving a drink with 'im."

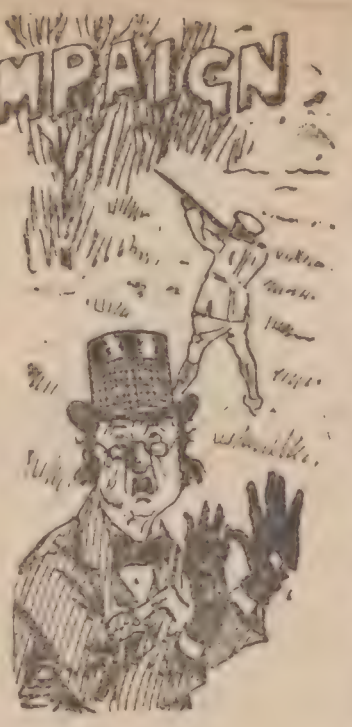
Then Abeldy: "What do you think of Us now? While we have men like Mr. Staranger—yes, he used to live near here, and *I* always served him with his wine!—there is no fear for the future of the British Empire."

Margerson, the never-to-be-beaten, will observe that Staranger, when he knew him, was always the sort of man who insisted on being, and was always, victorious over *everything*.

On that day Staranger, a quiet worker beneath the International scenes as I write, will have out-Agadir'd the Germans and out-Tripoli'd the Italians in his particular sphere of action, and in a decisive manner that shall make his country for ever unassailable.

But some weeks ago Staranger was fined a little over three pounds, inclusive of costs, for taking the law into his own hands.

THE ANTI-SPORT CAMPAIGN.



A LOVE OF CRUELTY ITS MOTIVE.

It behoves the soldier who is forced into war to know something of the nature of the enemy that is about to attack him if he is to make a successful defence.

In the war now commenced against sportsmen of every kind, the chief weapon upon which the latter must rely is public opinion; not that merely of sportsmen, but of the larger public whose views are regulated by sanity and commonsense.

The anti-sport brigade also appeals to this same public opinion, though on very different grounds; and in order to combat the weapons of the adversary, it is necessary to examine their armoury, to disclose the nature of their leaders and the character of their supporters, and lay bare the motives which actuate them.

The leaders of the present anti-sport movement are few in number, but skilled in the various methods by which they can secure a following from amongst those individuals whose minds are ill-balanced and distorted in their views.

Judging from the character of the compositions with which they flood the Press, hardly any of them could earn a living as "ha'penny-a-liners" on provincial papers, but the fact remains that, almost without exception, these leaders are making a living, and a very good one, too, by writing against sport.

RAKING IN THE SHEKELS.

How they will exist when, sport being abolished, they have nothing left to write about, is as difficult to imagine as how Home Rule agitators will support themselves when Home Rule has been granted to Ireland.

In order to make this living, these leaders have to appeal by articles, letters, and speeches to certain classes of people who will in return supply them with funds to carry on the campaign; and under the guise of "working expenses" enable them to live, when they describe themselves as "honorary" secretaries, helped by occasional "testimonials" (of a pecuniary character) to their disinterested and unceasing efforts in the cause of so-called humanitarianism.

It is not very difficult, therefore, to see the motive which actuates the leaders of the anti-sport movement.

THE ARMY OF CRANKS.

Various considerations actuate the followers who provide the funds. A great many are, of course, merely Puritans, who would prevent everyone from doing anything they like, and compel them to do what they dislike, on the true puritanical principle of the lady who said, "Jessie, go and see what baby is doing and tell him he must stop it at once."

Another large contingent consists of people who are frankly cranks and to whom anything not quite sane immediately appeals—vegetarians, no-hat-leaguers, sandal-wearers, sun-bathers, anti-vaccinators, anti-vivisectionists, Christian Scientists, food-reformers, nut-eaters, no-clothes men, tree-dwellers, and nature men, by whom our garden cities are so extensively populated that they may almost be considered as supplementary asylums for the less dangerous kinds of lunatic.

AFFLICTED WITH SARDISM.

But the main body of the anti-sport army is—paradoxical as it may seem—composed of people actuated solely by a lust of cruelty.

To outward appearance they are respectable, and very well-to-do ladies, and a few men, past the meridian of life, but they have a secret vice—a love of cruelty and blood in all its most horrible details.

They are, in fact, afflicted with a variety of the disease known as Sardism; and it is this class who form the backbone of the anti-sport movement, and on whose contributions the leaders ignobly batten.

By the frequent perusal of the records of alleged cruelty to hunted deer and otters, to coursed hares and rabbits, to animals used for the purpose of research work, this lust of cruelty, this vice of Sardism is gratified; and, as the leaders well know, the more horrible and disgusting they can make their details—without regard to fact— the larger the donations and salaries and "testimonials" they will receive.

Every now and then this lust of the supporters of the anti-sport movement will break out into some form of actual torture—usually inflicted on some poor orphan-girl who has been entrusted to the tender mercies of one of these women because she is known as a Christian Scientist and anti-vivisectionist, or in some way connected with so-called benevolent institutions.

In the homes of such people cruelty to animals is of frequent occurrence. The pet dogs of these ladies are almost invariably over-fed and under-exercised, and suffering from painful diseases, for which they are directly responsible; and when it comes to a question of their own convenience they will cheerfully abandon their cats to find food for themselves in their neighbours' gardens, while they take their two months by the sea or at some inland watering-place.

The sportsman, whom the organisations run by the classes here described are now attacking, is not, and cannot be, cruel. His horse and dogs, his deer and game-cocks are carefully looked after, exercised, fed, and kept in health and comfort all their lives; and, when they are killed, they are invariably given a fair sporting chance of escape, and are killed instantaneously and mercifully at the last.

MOTIVES OF THE SPORTSMAN.

No real sportsman can be cruel; he must be essentially humane, and his thoughts must always be for others, and especially for dumb animals rather than for himself or his own personal comfort.

He is not actuated, like his opponents, by the lust of blood, nor by the idea of making money out of sport—that is very seldom done. His interest is not in the killing, but in the hunting.

The exercise, the interest of breeding the finest horses, the best dogs, the gamest birds, the study of the wild habits of the creatures he pursues, and of the lessons they can teach in courage, resource, perseverance, hardihood, and all manly qualities, are what he seeks.

TIME FOR ACTION.

But unless he carries the war into the enemy's country, he will neglect the soul of defence. It is too late now to ignore their forces, as has recently been proved, when a British Government can be forced into action against sport by powerful sections of its supporters, moved by appeals to Puritanism, sentimentality, or latter-day Sardism, made for their personal benefit by leaders who have usurped the title of "humanitarians," which, properly speaking, can belong only to the sportsman.

LESLIE E. MAGUIRE.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

Scene: Any office, at any business hour.

The telephone-bell rings suddenly, and A flies to the receiver.

A: Hello! You there?

A (after a pause): No, B (naming a colleague) isn't in the office at present. Can I give him a message for you?

A (after another pause): B's address? Yes; wait a second. Here it is: 47, Johnson Street, Bloomsfield.

A (after yet another pause): Not at all; glad to oblige you; good-bye.

A rings off.

This sort of thing is repeated daily in ever so many offices. A, taken by surprise, and completely thrown off his guard in his good nature and his anxiety to be of service, has given B.'s address to—whom?

Ah, he quite forgot to ask who it was!

But in any case, strangers who ring up for such information should never be supplied with it. B's private address is his own property, and no colleague has any right to give it away to Tom, Dick, or Harry who chooses to ring up and ask.

It is frequently the case that the person ringing knows perfectly well that B is not in the office, and chooses such a time to make his inquiry. Other people's addresses should not be given away.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

BUSINESS OR ROBBERY?

A PROBLEM OF COMMERCE.

An interesting problem in business ethics presented itself to me the other day. It is so close to the border line between playing the game and doing the other thing, that I present it for readers' consideration.

I will not go beyond showing in which direction my own sympathies lie, though I will not act as judge. Each reader can do this for himself. Here is the case—a perfectly true one in every detail:

A young man, at the beginning of his career, entered a certain house on a commission basis. He was to take one-third of all fees that were paid to his employer, and on this basis he made an average of £2 10s. a week. Some weeks he received as much as £4, in others he received as little as 15s.

The time came when he was leaving. He knew that his successor would take the place on exactly the same terms.

When he was leaving he was asked by more than 50 per cent. of his customers to let them deal with him independently. In other words, he had the opportunity of taking half his employer's customers away when he himself left.

Knowing that his successor was to be paid on the same basis as he had been paid, he refused to take away a single customer, in order that his successor should have a chance of a decent living. He thought it honourable to act thus.

The successor, when he left the post, having made a success of it also, had the same chance of taking his employer's customers with him.

Although he knew that *his* successor would be paid on the same basis, he took the customers away with him.

Was it sharp practice or only legitimate business?

F. B. DILLON.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

WALL STREET MANŒUVRES.

Business on the Stock Exchange is very quiet, excepting in the Yankee market, which is brisk and booming.

No doubt trade is improving rapidly in the United States, and the Wall Street magnates are taking full advantage of this to put prices higher. That prices will come down again there is not the slightest doubt; but I do not look for any real break until the present rise culminates in a broad and strong upward movement, at, say, ten points higher prices for the market leaders, so that the big people can unload without being detected.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

These are not, according to custom, rising with the American market, and the price, about $247, seems to be maintained with difficulty, and consequently the "bull" operator in Yankees might do worse than sell a "bear" of Canadas as a protection.

HOME RAILS.

These keep firm, and are still attractive as investments, but "bull" operators will find a nasty slump on the least provocation, caused by the dealers in the "House" depressing prices to get stock back which they have sold at a higher figure; consequently the outside operator does not get a fair run for his money.

MINES.

The Kaffir dividends published to date are not good showings, and the majority of the leading mines show a reduced distribution for the half-year.

This must tell heavily against the large finance companies who are the principal holders of the shares, such as Rand Mines, Limited, and Consolidated Gold Fields, and those who wish to operate in this market ought to sell for the fall the shares of either of these companies.

The decrease of the Simmer and Jack dividend of 2½ per cent. means a difference to the Goldfields Company of over £30,000 per annum.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

O. N. (Halifax).—I think you may safely accept the offer.

W. J. (Hawick).—Canadian Pacifics and Unions each pay dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

J. P. D. (Lowestoft).—(a) Hold. (b) I think you may safely average. (c) Safe for current rate of dividend, but not likely to appreciate much in price.

B. R. (Darwen).—I think you had better cut your loss.

C. A. (Portland).—I do not advise a purchase. (2) The £50 share, £8 paid, now stands about £25.

S. McF. (Kilmarnock).—No. I think you will easily obtain at least cost price by waiting a little.

H. G. L. (Truro).—There seems no reason to doubt the stability of the concern, and, so far from cutting the loss, I should feel inclined to average.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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REMEMBER

That our Readers' Sale and Exchange is always at your service when you wish to dispose of clothes, sporting tackle, or anything else which has ceased to be useful to you.

BILL'S TYKE

A BADGER-DIGGING TALE.

By C. HEWSON.

"You ought to take her out to-morrow, Bill," said the milkman, sitting back on the settle and regarding a white, wire-haired fox-terrier bitch lying with her head between her paws before the fireplace in the inn-kitchen.

"Ay, mon, so you ought," corroborated the publican, his expectant eyes, set in a round red face, lighting up with sudden enthusiasm. "The Captain'll be main pleased to see you. He's a gradely mon and fond o' sport. Little Tickets there'd do fine at badger, I'll warrant. She's tackled fox enough with the Disunited Pack, and'll go to ground all right. You take her, lad. Captain says on his cards any gentleman is welcome to bring out a tarrier—at his own risk, you understand."

"But what'll I do among all the swells at t' badger dig?" protested the owner of Tickets, a sporting grocer's assistant out of place.

"Nonsense," urged the milkman. "Man, the Captain and all his friends is real sportsmen. If you bring a good dog, and'll help with the spade and pick whiles—an' you could do that well enough before you took to the shop—that's all they care about."

"Ay, and don't say nowt about what the bitch has done. Just say you'd like to try her, if they've no objection. Th' Captain knows all about a dog, trust me. He'll tell you in two minutes after he's sent her to ground all about her, and where he wants to work her. It's a rare funny game, yon badger-digging. Too slow a sport for me. I like something with some running in it. And too dirty and hard-working like. But it's a sport for all that, and a rare test of a game tarrier. Happen the dog that'll tackle a brock'll tackle most things i' this world."

"Well, I'll tak' her," decided Bill; "if she does properly, happen the Captain'll give me a 'stificate. Mr. Evans have given me one for going to ground after a fox, and with two good 'stificates I ought to be able to sell her next litter as working terriers at a decent price."

* * * * * * *

The meet was on Brockholes Hill, a sandy elevation crowned with fir trees, some four miles from the Sun Inn at Church Mitton.

By nine o'clock in the morning the brake with Captain Phillips, a team of terriers, a big, green box, containing grafts, spades, picks, tongs, and other implements employed in the scientific pursuit of digging badgers, had drawn up at the gate giving entrance to the sparsely-wooded enclosure in which the sett was situated.

The Captain and his friends were all clad in the uniform of the badger club of which he was the founder—ankle boots, khaki breeches and stockings, and loose smocks of the same colour, with scarlet collars and cuffs. Each member of the club wore a badger's short'un in his smasher hat, and all were stalwart, muscular men, accustomed to weild pick and spade with any navvy.

Awaiting them at the gate were a group of keepers and some casual labourers recruited by the keepers for the purpose of doing the bulk of the spade-work at the remuneration of ten shillings apiece. With them was the owner of the land, who came forward as the brake drew up and welcomed Captain Phillips very cordially.

"We sha'n't give you a blank day," he said. "I've tracked a couple of brocks into the sett this morning."

"Good!" said the Captain. "Now I've never dug here before. It's all sand, isn't it? How far back are we likely to go?"

"Well, it's a biggish place," said the owner. "You may calculate on a long dig, unless you are very lucky."

Phillips threw off his coat, turned the shirt-sleeves back over the muscles of his sun-burnt arms, and, taking a favourite terrier from his kennel-man, put the eager little beast into the main entrance to the sett. Then, selecting a locating-rod from the long green box, by this time lying open on the sward, he climbed above the sett and began probing the ground.

The rest of the terriers were kept in the brake; but the varmint little dogs knew precisely what was going forward, and their excitement vented itself in short, sharp barks, anxious whines, and attempts to break away from the boy who held their respective chains.

The locating-rod pierced the sandy soil quite easily, and Captain Phillips moved it quietly from place to place, leaning his ear against the metal receiver, until at length the sound of barking came to his hearing.

"Vick's up to them," he announced. "Now, men, I want you to sink me a trench here. From this tree to that, in a straight line. That ought to cut them off if they don't go down."

Picks, spades, grafts, draining-tools, crow-bars, shovels were successively brought into requisition, and the work of digging down to cut off the badgers' retreat went steadily on for hours.

Terrier after terrier was sent in, to emerge exhausted later for fresh air and water, after their arduous and perilous task of holding the badgers at bay and preventing them from digging themselves further into the side of the hill.

Bill Evans waited patiently with Tickets on a bit of rope, until late in the afternoon he approached the Captain and said he would like to try his terrier, who was a good one at fox.

"Very well," decided Phillips, after a critical glance at the white bitch, with her shaggy eyebrows and ugly shape; "but at 'owner's risk,' you understand."

"I understand, sir," said Bill. "I think she's game, sir."

"Game enough I daresay," replied the Captain, "but she mayn't know how to take care of herself all the same."

The trench by this time had been sunk seven or eight feet down without intercepting the quarry's retreat. It was evident that they were burrowing downwards from one gallery to another, but a shout from one of the diggers now announced that they had reached the level at which the dogs were working, and that the badgers were almost within reach.

The barking of the two terriers that were behind them was clearly audible in the trench, and the Master ordered up the tongs and sacks, and, descending into the trench, prepared to tail the first that emerged.

Then there was a silence. The locating-rod was used; but no sound was recorded. Gyp made his appearance with his jaw badly torn, and was followed after an interval by Jill with a rip in her side that entailed immediate surgical assistance.

One of Phillips's friends fetched the first-aid box from the brake and stitched up the wounds, while the rest debated the next manœuvre. It was evident that the badgers had heard their enemies in the trench and turned short back; and the Captain decided to put another terrier in to hold them, and to dig from the trench towards the sounds of conflict, so soon as these should be heard.

Bill came forward with Tickets, excited by the long wait and anxious to get to close quarters with the foe, whom for seven hours her several rivals had been tackling so manfully.

Captain Phillips took the little bitch from her master, held her firmly by the shoulders, spoke to her soothingly, and then let her go. In a very few seconds his listening face took a graver expression as it leant over the telephone-like receiver of his locating-rod.

"Dig, you in the trench," he directed. "This way. Dig for your lives!"

The workers lost no time in obeying his directions, and very soon opened out the place to which the badgers had themselves dug before turning back.

The moment they had done so, the sounds of a terrific struggle were audible. It was evident that the gallant little Tickets was engaged in a combat with both the old brocks, and that she was getting the worst of it.

The Master turned to Bill, who stood by, biting his lips bravely to keep down his emotion, as he heard his little dog unable to repress her cries of pain as the fierce teeth of the quarry tore and mangled her flesh, though she gamely struggled to force them out into the trench.

The "gruffing" of the badgers could now be heard by all. Another terrier was sent in in front to assist in driving them into the trench; and the Master,

stopping at the entrance to the gallery, awaited the chance of tailing the first of the beasts to be forced out.

Twice he caught a glimpse of the short'un just out of reach; and then Bill Evans jumped into the trench beside him and thrust his head into the hole.

"Have a care, man!" shouted the Captain. "If the badger catches you by the snout no girl will ever look at you again."

There was a general laugh as Bill withdrew his face. But he had seen the badger within arm's length, and, flinging himself upon the bottom of the trench before Captain Phillips could stop him, had pushed his arm into the aperture and seized—as he thought—the badger by his short'un.

But in that brief interval the badger had turned preparatory to bolting, and Bill pushed his hand straight into his face.

Phillips saw at once what had happened. He looked up to the landowner and inquired, "Where is the nearest surgeon?"

"Bottom of the hill . . . close by . . . Wonder he isn't here. He promised to come up directly he'd finished his round."

"Send someone for him at once," he said, earnestly. "Tell him to bring all he wants for an amputation."

Bill, meantime, had set his teeth firmly together to keep in any expression of pain that the badger's grip upon his hand was forcing to his lips. He realised what had happened.

The first sharp pang when the terrible jaws met in his flesh was nothing; but when the brute commenced to crush flesh and sinew and small bones, he turned his body round, set his feet against the wall of the trench, and, with one supreme effort, drew the badger out still hanging to his mangled right hand.

In an instant the Captain had tailed the brock and held him up in the air. Then, thrusting his own left hand into his jaws, he forced them open and released that of the grocer's assistant, who fell back half-fainting into the arms of the diggers.

Phillips called for the sack and promptly bagged his prey, shaking the blood from his bitten fingers as he did so. At the same moment the second badger bolted into the trench, scaled it in an instant, and scuttled away into the wood.

"We've lost her! That's the sow," cried the Captain, "but give the man a taste of this," he added, producing a flask of whisky; and you, Ellesmere, get some water and mix some Condy's fluid with it quickly."

* * * * * * *

The doctor was soon on the spot, and took Bill Evans back to his surgery with him. Fortunately he did not find it necessary to take off any of his fingers, and congratulated him on escaping so lightly.

"The last man who put his hand into a badger's mouth," he said, "had his hand taken off at the wrist. If Captain Phillips hadn't put his own hand in that would have been your case, my lad."

"He's a brave sportsman," was what the Captain said, as, binding a handkerchief round his bleeding fingers, he directed the diggers to get to the terrier Tickets. "We must get his dog for him, dead or alive; but I'm afraid she's dead."

She was not, however, when they reached her; though she was unable to crawl, and could only feebly lick the hands that pulled her out.

Lacking one eye, and with the scars of that battle remaining visible, Bill's tyke still follows her master gamely about the village of Church Mitton, a terror to rats and the mother of many good terriers, while her master—thanks to capital advanced by the badger club—deftly ties up parcels in his own grocery shop, notwithstanding that one finger of his right hand remains a trifle stiff.

THREE-QUARTER PLAY AT RUGBY.

Though it is the ambition of every three-quarter to get the ball and score a try after a brilliant run, still, he should never try to do it when he can do anything else.

He must be a strong tackler, a good "drop-kick," and a sure and safe punter-into-touch. Whereas he will seldom get a chance for a long, individual run, he will often get an opportunity to drop a goal, and for this he should always keep his eyes open.

A safe rule is for the wing threes to do the most running, and the insides to specialise in tackling and touch-finding.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

"LOOSE END" (Brixton).—The Royal Engineers are a well-paid branch of the Service, but it is little use your trying to enlist in them, except as a driver, unless you are already a skilled tradesman.

M. O'C. (Cork).—The top av the marnin' to you, but we can't make head or tail of your question. Try and make it plainer to our Saxon intellect, please.

A. A. D. (or H.?) (Merstham).—If the object ball be "playable" it may be struck at any point you like, the fact of the point struck being in baulk making no difference. Where, however, do you get your "rule" that "a ball on the line is playable?" A ball that is on the line, i.e., one which is exactly half in, half out of baulk, is reckoned in baulk and unplayable.

R. E. W. (Dublin).—We do not take the responsibility of giving legal advice. The matter is one which requires the attention and investigation of a solicitor.

J. R. (Northallerton).—The Birdless Grove is a portion of Goodwood Park through which many visitors to the race meeting pass on their way to the course. When it was first so called is a point in dispute, but it is certain that for many years past no bird has ever been seen or heard to sing in it.

D. C. (Ashford).—In the French school of fencing the left arm is held on a level with the head, and the hand is open. This is a survival, and in the actual duel indicated that the combatant had no pepper in his hand with which to blind his adversary.

A. S. (Hampstead).—Why don't you marry the girl?

B. S. T. (Nottingham).—Sir Edward Grey is a great angler, and has written a charming book on fly-fishing, published 1899.

F. W. G. (Cardiff).—An amateur may be insured by his club against accident and receive compensation for the period during which he is disqualified.

R. V. (Bedford).—We have never heard Mr. Churchill's bravery questioned, but the American blood in him makes him strangely willing, to our ideas, to talk about his own exploits.

A. D. B. (Hull).—Thinks he is cut out for something better than serving in a grocer's shop. Sir Thomas Lipton can sleep in peace.

N. R. (Eastbourne).—On no account wear a red silk or any kind of coloured handkerchief with evening dress, unless you wish to be mistaken for a fifth-rate conjurer.

A. B. G. (Birmingham).—If anything could make us feel murderous at this season of the year it would be your "poetry," in which you rhyme "morning" with "dawning." We advise you to stick to heaving coke.

C. K. F. (Carlisle).—A flat-race jockey gets five guineas for a winning and three guineas for a losing mount, irrespective of the importance or value of the race. A steeplechase jockey gets ten guineas for a win, five guineas a loser if the race is value 100 sovs. or more; five guineas and three if under 100 sovs.

V. W. F. (Derby).—On Continental railways thirty kilogrammes (about 70lbs.) is the maximum of free baggage allowed to first-class passengers. There is but little latitude in the matter of hand luggage. No bulky articles, however light, are allowed in the compartments.

R. O'S. (Wolverhampton), **J. W. W.** (Dublin), **V. C.** (Horsham), **A. E. D.** (Newport), **H. H.** (Crawley), **F. A. M.** (Bolton), **W. P.** (18th Hussars), **J. C. G.** (New York), **G. A. S.** (Christchurch), **F. C. D.** (Caterham).—Very much obliged to you.

SPORTING STORIES

THE MISSING PICTURE.

Borrowby had fallen into the river the night before, and had been rescued with great difficulty at the last gasp. (He was returning from a Christmas gathering—but of that we will say no more.) Naturally, he was full of the occurrence next day. Everybody he met had to hear about it. And one of these unfortunate victims was Jack Jolliboy.

"Yes, Jolliboy," said Borrowby, "I went down three times before the line was thrown to me; and at the last descent into the depths—would you believe it?—I saw a complete series of pictures of every incident of my past life."

"Oh!" said Jolliboy, "you didn't happen to see a picture of me handing you a fiver in the autumn of 1908, did you?"

TOO MANY COOKS. . . .

He walked into the city café, and ordered the usual lunch of the British stalwart of the present day—a roll and butter, and a cup of coffee. A damsel placed them before him, and he set to. But ere long, he remembered that he did not know who was playing for the Upper Tooting Tartars against the South Norwood Saracens. He decided to go out and get a paper before finishing his meal.

And lest some greedy varlet should drink his coffee, he placed against the cup a card on which he had written "I have stirred this coffee with my finger."

But somehow he didn't seem to want that coffee, when he returned, and found on his card, the additional legend: "So have I."

MOVE ON, THERE!

The place was the bank of a placid flowing stream, and at first the only human occupant of the scene was an urchin seated on the bank in question, stretching out over the peaceful waters a hazel-branch, wherefrom depended a wriggling worm on a bent pin and a piece of twine.

It was not long before a shadow cast itself athwart the water from behind, and the youth, turning round in annoyance, met the gently reproaching gaze of the vicar of the rural parish.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy!" murmured the Rev. Septimus Smelling Salts—for it was he—"I am surprised to see you fishing here!"

"Why?" asked the angler, tersely. "D'yer know a better place somewhere else?"

MOODY MANNERS.

The young Lady Bountiful had arranged a tea for all the poor little children of the slummy neighbourhood; and with an eye on the unctuous thanks of the vicar, had insisted on personally acting as one of the helpers.

So, behold her with a plate of thinly-cut bread and butter, moving daintily from one infant to another. And it came to pass that she approached Master Thomas Tuffnut.

"Bread and butter, dear?" she enquired.

"No!"

The damsel was quite shocked.

"No what, dear?" she asked, as a gentle hint at the missing "thank you."

The youth looked at her with unconcealed impatience.

"No bloomin' fear," he said shortly. "Not when there's plum-cake abaht!"

SLIGHTLY SLIGHTING.

The solitary customer in the shaving saloon was very youthful; and the tactful barber saw that he must be humoured. He was just the sort of customer to buy one or even more bottles of "Greezoil for Luxurious Locks" after his hair-cut.

But he did not want a hair-cut. No. He required a shave; and the barber was non-plussed; for lo, there was nothing to take off. However, he set to work with a vigorous lathering. Then he asked, just for something to say:

"Do you shave down, sir?"

The customer jumped up in a huff.

"I don't want any impertinence!" he cried.

Well, perhaps there was a *leetle* emphasis on the word "down," but really the barber didn't mean it.

A SWEET STORY.

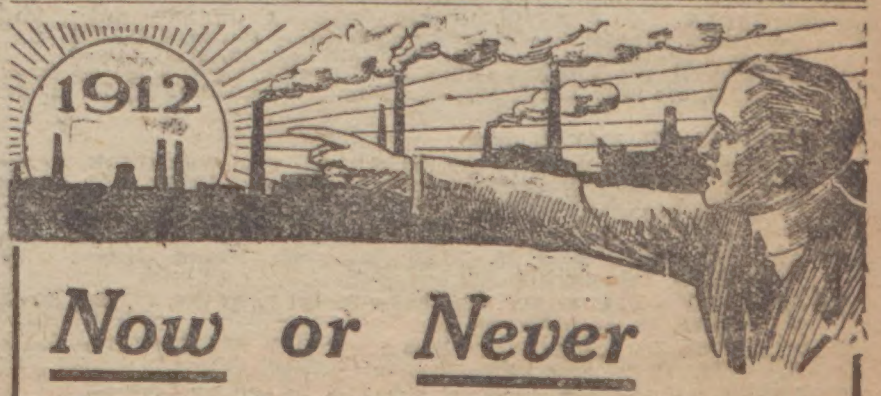
The busy commercial traveller had suddenly realised that he had lived the life of a gay dog long enough—and he had not married. Alas! when about to start for his honeymoon he had received an urgent wire from his firm ordering him to go on his travels immediately. His little wifie solved the difficulty by suggesting that she should accompany him. That, she said, would be her honeymoon trip, and she had her way.

They put up at a quaint old commercial inn, where hubby had stayed many a time in his bachelor days. At the breakfast table, he suddenly remembered that the house was famous for its honey, and at his wife's enthusiastic request he ordered some.

The waiter was away a long time, and with all the impatience of the newly-made bridegroom he rang the bell.

"Here," he said, when the waiter appeared; "where's my honey?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the busy napkin-wielder, "but she isn't employed here now."



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TEWKESBURY.—R. HUTCHINSON, Fern Villa, Askchurch Road.
THAMES DITTON.—J. JERMY, c/o Mrs. Florence, High Street.
THETFORD.—E. W. BEESON, 57, Castle Street.
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(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
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The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d., post free
Narrow bow-ties	1s. 5½d., " "
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Silk mufflers	4s. 11d., " "

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

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Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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WHAT SPORTSMEN SHOULD DRINK.

What to drink when out hunting, coursing, or shooting is a problem that faces every man sooner or later.

Men who are riding are, of course, restricted to something short; and probably there is nothing to beat sloe-gin, or cherry whisky, though cherry brandy and damson gin are not to be despised, and peach brandy is a very seductive powder for pocket-pistols.

Running men will hardly touch anything until their day's sport is over, when ale or cider will be the best beverages to quench their thirst and replace wastage.

The coursing or field-trail man is the best off of all sportsmen, since he can always carry a patent heat-preserving flask filled with hot beef-tea or soup to help keep the cold out.

Whisky, as the most portable of alcoholic drinks, is also the favourite with shooting men, particularly with those engaged in grouse-shooting and moorland sport.

Aerated waters and temperance beverages are of no conceivable use to the sportsman in the field; and that any liquor taken should be in strict moderation goes without saying.

OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

If you have not yet had some of our now celebrated "Nice Place" postcards, send for some to-day. They are extremely pretty and artistic, and are being supplied to all our readers entirely free of charge.

Send a stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall forward you a supply at once.

Those who have already enjoyed the joke can have some more cards if they wish them.

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FORTUNE'S SECRET

of your failures from her? Well, write at once. He says himself: "I shall be in your life but once; any good I can do let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again." Send name and birth date with directed envelope in your own handwriting. If convenient, send 6d. in stamps of your country to cover postage, &c.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BOWS AT THE BACK.

Not infrequently one sees, especially amongst racing men and those of the horsey persuasion, the bow which decorates the ribbon of the bowler hat worn, not at the left side as usual, but right at the back.

A correspondent asks me whether this is or is not correct. It is certainly not incorrect, for one finds this method of wearing the bow amongst men who are well and tastefully dressed. At the same time, it is not one of those little tricks of fashion which are more or less incumbent upon the man who wishes to consider himself well-dressed. Rather should I describe it as a little bit of sporting eccentricity, which can be adopted or left alone, according to the wishes of the person most concerned.

The right kind of bowler with which to wear a bow in this way is, of course, one with a brim that has very little curl in it.

SLIPPED RIBBONS.

Talking of bowlers, I dare say you will have sometimes noticed that the silk ribbon with which the hat is edged is liable to come out of position, and to expose to view the thread fixing it.

When this happens, the hat is by no means ruined, although at first glance it seems to have lost all pretensions to respectability.

All you need do is to moisten your finger and gently press the ribbon back into its former position. The silk edge may come out of place through careless fixing on the part of the hat-maker, but more often it is due to the shock of a fall, as, for example, when you miss the hat-rack and let the bowler drop upon the floor.

SEAMS ON LINEN COLLARS.

An effort is being made at present by some of the collar manufacturers to popularise collars with very pronounced seams. I refer to those where the sewing is of such a kind that it forms a distinct rut in the surface of the collar.

You see this sort of collar in all shapes, but I do not think it will suit the popular taste.

The great objection to it is that, when being ironed, a collar of this description takes an uneven surface. The thickness at the seam makes the iron press more heavily there than on the rest of the collar, with the result that the thick edge is made very shiny, and looks like one of those india-rubber collars which, however convenient they may be, are not correct.

WIND CUFFS.

Not very many overcoats are being made with wind cuffs this winter. I mean those inner cuffs generally made of lining, and with elastic bands to fit closely round the wrist, and thus prevent the wind from getting up the sleeve.

For motoring or driving, such cuffs are undoubtedly useful, but for ordinary wear they do not look very smart, and they are liable to crease the sleeves of your jacket by preventing them from coming down into the proper position when you wear them with an overcoat so fitted.

I should, therefore, advise my readers not to have wind cuffs put on their overcoats, unless they are to use the coats almost exclusively for motoring or driving.

BROKEN LEGGING BUTTONHOLES.

If you go in for buttoned leggings—and there are many who prefer this form of fixing to any of its newer rivals—you have doubtless found that in time the buttonholes give way. The leather between the button-hole and the edge of the legging is not very thick, and, while you are buttoning them, the full pressure of the button-hook comes against this piece, and in time breaks it away.

If you actually let it get broken, you are rather too late to have much done.

The right thing to do is to take the leggings to a saddler as soon as the button-holes show signs of wear, and have the damaged edge stitched with strong thread. If this is done at once, the thread will come close against the button, and will be hidden by it, and the appearance of the leggings will be in no way injured.

SMOKES AND CLOTHES.

There is a sort of vague etiquette about the form in which a man should enjoy tobacco under various circumstances.

Pipes, for example, are always barred in good-class restaurants, because they are rather too strong-smelling to be pleasant to those who have not yet finished eating.

Pipes should also be barred when one is wearing dress clothes. By dress clothes, I mean a morning-coat suit, an evening-dress suit, or a uniform. When one is wearing any of these things, cigars or cigarettes seem the right sort of smoke. The pipe looks too rough—too homespun-and-slipperish—to go with garments of more or less fancy material.

As to smoking a pipe with uniform, this is largely a matter of personal taste, and I know that those serving in a certain command were recently forbidden to smoke cigarettes while in uniform, although they were allowed to smoke pipes at suitable times.

Nevertheless, I personally feel that a pipe looks out of place when a man is wearing uniform. It looks, somehow, unprofessional, and if you see a soldier in the distance, and observe that he is smoking a pipe, the chances are 100 to 1 that, on closer inspection, he will prove to be a Territorial and not a Regular; and the object of all good Territorials is, of course, to look as much like Regulars as possible while in uniform.

OPEN OR CLOSED FRONTS.

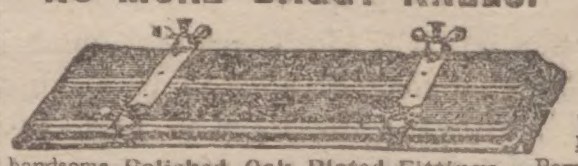
I am asked by a correspondent whether boots with open or closed fronts are to be preferred for wear with an ordinary lounge suit.

Everything depends upon the style of the boots, or rather, upon the weight of them. Heavy boots always look better if they are finished with what the boot-makers call open fronts, as this breaks up the boot to some extent, and makes it seem less clumsy.

There are some men, however, who go in for boots with open fronts, no matter whether they are heavy or light ones, and they are perfectly free to please themselves in this respect, for some of the best class of light-weight boots are now made in the open front style.

Boots that are intended for sporting purposes should always be of the open-fronted variety, no matter whether they are black or brown. Incidentally, they should be of a fairly heavy make.

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.



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Date.....191

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